TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Around Town.

When I was merging from boyhood, as is usually the case with youngsters, my body was outgrowing my clothes and my ambition was making the same ratio of departure from my merits as my legs were from my trowsers. While growing a good deal and thinking a very little, one is apt to be impressionable, and one is sure to confound impressions with convictions and to mistake restlessness for unrecognized worth. I was teaching school in a country place and boarding at a farmhouse. When shall ever the vision fade of the hard, cold, remorseless routine of the life that was led by the people who dwelt within the unpainted walls of that clap-boarded prison? Even the food, poor and plain at best, perished as anything but coarse nutriment in the process of cooking. Spiceless as it was, it never steamed on the table nor offered any illusion such as sometimes leads people to smack their lips though they are shortly to discover nothing better than a tasteless morsel. What we had to eat was cold and insipid; what we had to read consisted of school books and the Saints' Everlasting Rest. Grave and stern, as he imagined the head of a family should be, the head of the family sat at the head of the table, while the mother of the family, meek and long-suffering, as she esteemed the tail end of a family should be, hurried "hither and fro," as she was wont to remark, "trying to do her duty." The daughters, with badly made gowns and ill kept hair, sometimes assisted her, but as a rule the father insisted on them sitting at the table that the "hull" family should eat together as a family should. I used to sometimes wonder why this collective expression never included the mother, but found no reason. The boys, writhing under the remembrance of some rebuke, looked into their plates and transported the food therefrom to their mouths by the aid of rusty and broken-handled knives. There was scarcely ever a word spoken, and the occasional word was always one of rebuke or resentment. I struggled for a while to be entertaining, and finally assisted the rest of the family to maintain the peace by engaging in everlasting argument with the head of the house as to infant baptism, Calvinism and a few other kindred topics which were very near to the heart of the brother struggling to bring up his family in the way they should go. Dancing, together with "parties," and even participation in husking bees and quiltings, was strictly forbidden. We all went to church together in the lumber wagon every Sunday morning. I used to laugh to myself to think how like a lot of images crowded into a Noah's ark we all looked, as the horse jogged sedately towards the kirk. Wooden toys painted to represent the "animiles" which went "two by two, the elephant and the kangaroo," were as graceful and frolicsome looking as we were with our Sunday clothes on and our Sunday goodness plastered over our lugubrious faces. And the sermons, and the singing, and those awful seats, how unutterably, unspeakably miserable they made us all feel. Then when the wagon drove around to the stand from which we stumbled into our seats and the other painted images who stood about waiting for the next wagon! can the memory of man or woman ever find in later life such a conception of how to live?

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I endured this life for several months, and the place where I keep my memories is crowded with the funeral images, the joyless days, and the dyspepsia of that hard-worked, hard-lined life.

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The bitterest quarrels between the father and his grown-up sons almost invariably took place at the dinner table. One day, morose and bitter, the eldest son refused to accept a rebuke which his father administered and a violent altercation followed. The son asserted that it was no use working like drudges unless they managed their work as other people did and made something out of it; the father very sharply told him that if he didn't like the way things were managed at home he could go somewhere else. The son retorted that he had helped pay for the farm, that he had worked harder than any hired man could have been persuaded to work, that he had a right to his opinion and some share in directing the management of affairs, and that he did not propose to be told before strangers that he hadn't sense enough to offer a suggestion. Again the father told him that if he didn't like it he could lump it and go somewhere where his opinion would be more highly esteemed. He arose from the table and went to the unplastered room where he had slept in those short intervals between the toil of yesterday and the toil of to-day, to gather together his few belongings, and re-entered the kitchen, where it had been our habit to dine. There he cursed his father as a tyrannical old fool. As he spoke his rage knew no bounds, and though his mother clung to him and his sisters wept, he could not be quieted until his violence wore itself out. Then pushing his mother from him he dashed out of the door. The old man was so thunderstruck that it was a moment before he recovered his speech; then he gave orders that his son's name should no more be mentioned in that family circle, and in thunderous tones ordered his wife to cease her whimpering, as they were better without the sulky and rebellious young brute who had just gone.

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It was not a week before the younger son followed his brother's example and one night disappeared from home. The eldest girl went to service and her younger sister moped and mourned for her. The lame boy and the silly one and the two little fellows remained at home. But the chapter was read morning and evening, and prayers were said, and the pilgrimages to the clap-boarded meeting-house were made regularly on Sunday, and the man who intended to do his duty and the mother who had failed to be anything but a slave toiled on, and when my term was up I packed up my little belongings and went away.

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The boys, I know, have been successful; the girl went to ruin; the old mother is dead; the old man has sold his farm and is living in a village—retired, he calls it; unburied, I should designate it. He has done his duty, so he says, and he hopes he will be "spared" to bring up the remainder of his family in the way they should go. One of the boys four or five years ago was doing chores in a little livery stable; one of the girls was servant in a preacher's family. Still the old man hopes that he will be "spared" to bring them up right, and his conversation is so interlarded with scripture and his face has grown so hard and his eyes so dull that he seems like an automaton arranged to get off bible texts and uncharitable things at stated intervals.

A NEW PIECE OF MUSIC.

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Of what use are the quiet life and natural loveliness of the shady nooks and restful places of a river-ringed island when every one is at variance with the other; where sentiment is murdered to make way for a silly system; where liberty is a hollow sound and happiness nothing but a grim preparation for death? People wonder why boys leave the farm. Those who do the wondering know very little about such farms and such farmers' lives as I have tried to picture. Such places are not home nests; the fledglings do not love to lie on beds of thorns nor to be torn by a fierce parental beak while trying to learn to walk. As they look out over the little world within their view everything seems to be happy except the home, everybody prosperous who has the good fortune to dwell elsewhere.

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Coming back to what I was originally thinking about, and what after all must have suggested this subject, the other day I heard a man arguing with a young fellow who was contending that things were not being managed right in Canada. The older man told him if he didn't like Canada to leave it and go some place where he would be better pleased. The young fellow told him that was exactly what he intended to do. Such a retort may seem decisive and exceedingly clever to superficial people; it is an argument that has been often used, and hundreds and thousands of our best young men have been told that if they didn't like the way Canada is being run to go elsewhere—and worst of all, they have gone. It is a pity they did not decide to stay at home and change the condition of affairs to suit their ideas of what is progressive, but it must be remembered that each man had his private snubs to endure, his private purpose to serve, his ambition to gratify, and thinking, as unhappy people are apt to think, that they are the only ones who suffer, he took his individual method of rectifying his wrong and went away. For many years whenever I have heard an older man telling a young fellow if he didn't like things at home to go somewhere else, I have tried to tell him that he has offered the advice which has depopulated Canada and driven some of our best and brightest boys to forsake their Canadian home.

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There was a meeting the other night of some of the real estate brethren. Its object was no doubt good, and some of the gentlemen present had the good sense to talk about values and how to make the city attractive to manufacturers and others who might become valuable residents and contributors to the city's wealth, but some of the smaller fry who have been peddling wild-cat lots and dickering in goose pasture parks, trying to make money out of suing the city for damages, etc., were prone to upbraid the newspapers. Now, if the real estate boomsters in Toronto do not wish to show ingratitude sharper than a serpent's tooth, they should not indiscriminately revile the newspapers. The newspapers have been altogether too friendly in their attitude towards the boomster; they stayed with him when he was wild-catting to an extent hitherto unknown in Canada outside of Winnipeg; the inevitable re-action which followed was concealed as long as possible from the public by the newspapers, who were advertising "astounding values on Boomerang avenue." About three years ago, when the collapse of goose pasture estates was just coming in sight, I was dissuaded for six months from publishing an article advising people to leave such things alone, by friends of mine who had a lot of property which they desired to unload. Without thinking of the moral obliquity of becoming the co-conspirator of friends who wanted a chance to make someone else carry the burden, I permitted myself to be persuaded that I did not understand the subject, and desisted. Later on, some of the same people blamed me bitterly when I did tell my readers the whole truth. Again when I began another series of real estate remarks, a hundred people advised me to keep out of it, and again I delayed this subject for six months, to the injury of the city, because the truth should always be told, and the sooner the truth is evident to everyone the more rapidly will uninflated property become marketable and public confidence be restored. My readers may not realize the fact, but in this matter I have been very conservative. It is only the radicals and the boomsters who believe in spending money to keep property up to a fictitious price, and it is only the badly informed alderman who would like to keep us paying on ruinous assessments in order to bunco the man who buys city bonds. There is nothing in it; the newspapers have by their "conspiracy of silence" assisted these schemers for years, when months should have convinced them, and did convince them, that they were playing an improper part in the conduct and criticism of public affairs. For any of such real estate men to get up and denounce the newspapers is sickeningly ungrateful. No doubt the newspapers appreciated the fact that their advertising columns would be depleted were the alluring advertisements of "extraordinary values on Rooster street" to be taken away from them, but they played their part and should not now be denounced by their old partners.

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The references made by one speaker to the editor of this newspaper were so slanderous that but one of the city dailies could be found to repeat them. He is too worthless and insignificant to deserve the notice of a reply, but I can tell those who read what the person had to say, that the company publishing SATURDAY NIGHT pay such an amount of taxes and contribute so much to the city's advancement and are so thoroughly Canadian that all the dirty talk of such men cannot injure them or their enterprises. What I said about fraudulent suburban values I repeat; more men have been ruined in Toronto by the blatherskites who have sold this sort of stuff than the Louisiana Lottery ever defrauded on this side of the border. I say again that in twenty years from now this farm stuff won't be worth what the victims of the boomsters now are liable for, and without fear of contradiction I assert that what has been said in SATURDAY NIGHT has done more good to legitimate real estate than anything that has been said in a Toronto paper since SATURDAY NIGHT denounced cow pasture lots two or three years ago. Instead of damaging legitimate values by the denunciation and exposure of so-called equities in fragments of farm land adjacent to Toronto, the best sales of central property in Toronto have been made since those articles were published. Robert Simpson, one of our wealthiest and most level-headed merchants, has invested a quarter of a million dollars in a business site; E. B. Osler has lent his strong name to the purchase of another lot for which he paid twenty-eight hundred dollars a foot; Mr. S. F. McKinnon, one of the most solid wholesale merchants in Toronto, has paid seven hundred and seventy dollars a foot for property on a short and narrow side street, and it is announced that a thousand dollars a foot is about to be paid on Adelaide street for another property. The whole trouble was that nobody had dared to say what everybody but the deluded victims knew, that suburban property was rotten, many of the so-called values fraudulent, and the expense to the city of keeping up fire and police protection, and of building sewers and water supplies, excessive and unbearable.

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After a few days' irritation the good sense of this city decided that all that was said in SATURDAY NIGHT was true, and what has been reiterated in these columns dozens of times, that central property has never achieved its value, was also decided to be correct. The air having been cleared by a much needed exposure, the effect is already being felt. Central property in Toronto is cheaper than in any city of its size on this continent and is the finest investment that can be found anywhere. These facts have been proven; the demonstration is found in every newspaper which published the reports of the large transactions recently made. Now, if any big-mouthed boomer of busted equities wants to prove that I have been recreant to my trust in denouncing goose pasture lots, let him quote some *bona fide* sales made in goose pastures which are mis-called "suburbs;" let him disprove the evidence brought forward at the Court of Revision that such land has taken a terrible tumble; let him advance anything to discredit a line that I have written with regard to the inflated values of rural lots. If these men have anything more to say about it I shall publish a map of the entire district covered by their wild-cat speculation, showing the enormous acreage of land surveyed as city property. I have dealt as gently with them as I could; if they want any more I can give it to them, and to use a slang phrase, I shall give it to them in the neck, for any man who tries to sell this stuff to a customer at the price which ruled even a couple of years ago is no better than a swindler and a robber. At no time was the value in the land or in the locality; at no time did the necessities of the city or of the remotely possible occupant demand the survey of farm land which some crazy men are even now announcing as decent investments.

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I am not quarreling with the sad and sorry few who attended the meeting of so-called real-estate dealers; fool talkers can do harm to nobody and can but damage their own cause; the facts are all with me and with those conservative people who believe that the truth is never dangerous in commercial matters. Never since Toronto was incorporated was legitimate property as stiff in price as it is to-day; never since the boom in the "fifties" was so called suburban property as rotten and valueless either as an investment or an equity, as a speculation or even as a gambler's chance, as it is to-day, and the boomsters can put this in their pipe and smoke it. The banks, the legitimate operators in real estate the respectable real estate dealers—and they are many and of infinite service to Toronto—the loan societies who have not been wild-catting, the investor, and every man who likes to hear the honest truth is on my side and no blab-mouthed detractor can convince anybody to the contrary.

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Talking about those who deal in abuse, exaggerated phrases and foolish hyperbole, I think the Rev. Mr. Galbraith deserves mention as a man who is not afraid of the facts. Something seems to have soured him on theaters and he has talked of them as the ante-room of hell, and the box office of perdition, and the training school of prostitution, and all this sort of thing, until even his own friends must feel sorry that the raging wind of ignorance brought him into sight as a violent man unfit to teach and preach to the people, who if they know anything must know more than he does. It cannot be denied that there are many improper theatrical exhibitions; neither can it be denied that there are many foolish and noisy preachers who bring their calling into disrepute, and discredit their sacred message by adding to their pulpit performance what is known in theatrical circles as "legs and varieties." When so called actors and actresses have not brains enough to succeed in the legitimate phases of their profession, they take to "leg shows" and varieties; when people who would like to be actors and actresses find

themselves excluded by their incapacity from recognition, they organize a barn-storming show; so, too, when preachers fail to impress their congregations by announcing the truth and denouncing error and trying to help the weak and reform the wicked, they start off as a barn-storming freak and become leaders in a religious variety show, which is just as improper in its way and demoralizing in its results as the pranks of a half-dressed and suggestive "combination" in a theater. The churches cannot always exclude these pranking preachers; neither can the theaters, no matter how desirous they are to keep up the standard of their performance, succeed in excluding so-called opera bouffe-companies, and she-minstrels, and other vulgar people who travel under decent names and within the limit of the law try to give indecent shows. I may be quite wrong and awfully wicked yet I think the Rev. Mr. Galbraith is quite as much a sensational variety show in the pulpit, insomuch as he drags in untruthful and suggestive things into his performance, as is the "combination" which occasionally succeeds in invading a theater and in disgracing the town with its pictures of ungarmented limbs. I thoroughly believe that the same prurient imagination leads to both exhibitions, the same desire for dollars and unmerited prominence is the prevailing idea in these performances. I believe they are both wrong, that both should be suppressed, and that the prurient purveyor of suggestiveness from the pulpit and the immodest actor on the stage should be condemned and avoided. And as a matter of fact I think both classes are avoided by the best people everywhere.

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The proposal to further damage what is left of the Queen's park by putting a line of electric cars through it would not be tolerated in any city less utilitarian than Toronto. We have not very much park, and all the remaining fragment needs is the hum and bustle and danger of a trolley line running through it to make it uninhabitable. Surely there is some other way of reaching Upper Canada College. If they go up Yonge street and walk over to the school the boys won't be hurt by their exercise. If the people want park residences they can certainly forego the conveniences of a thorough-fare. This foolish proposition should be at once rejected. This is an age of rapid transit; people have a right to ask for all reasonable transportation, but a man cannot have the quiet of a park and the buzz of a leading street. People who purchased property north of the Queen's Park must have been thoroughly aware that only through the absence of decent aldermanic judgment could they possibly hope to have a direct line to their doors, and it will be no disappointment to have to be told that they must go a few blocks east or west to find a means of reaching the heart of the city. The project is so indefensible that I wonder the City Council entertained it for a moment.

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## Social and Personal.

The managers of the Infants' Home on St. Mary's street gave an At Home yesterday afternoon at four o'clock.

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Mrs. W. H. Smith of Kensington avenue has returned home after spending two months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rogers of Niagara-on-the-Lake.

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On Saturday afternoon last the members of the Women's Art Association received the honorary members and their friends in their studio, 80 Canada Life Building. Afternoon tea was pleasantly served to the guests. Miss Maud Masson gave a beautiful rendering of Andrea del Sarte and a selection from James Whitcomb Riley, both of which were much enjoyed. The membership of the association has largely increased and the prospects for the season's work are very encouraging.

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Mrs. Sheraton gave a most enjoyable At Home at Wycliffe College Residence on Friday evening of last week to the students and her lady friends. Mrs. Sheraton is a most charming and successful hostess. Among the guests I remarked: The Dean and Mrs. Kuhring, Rev. T. and Mrs. Milburn, the Misses Howland, Blake, Buchan, DesBarres Jones, Spotten, Hall and many others.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon were At Home, at their residence on Sherbourne street, to a large circle of friends on Saturday, November 19. The Italians discoursed sweet music and many handsome toilettes graced the occasion. Among those present I noticed: Mr. and Mrs. Eby, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Ames, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Walker, Dr. and Mrs. Norman Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Roper, Miss Roper, Mr. and Mrs. King, Miss King, Mr. and Mrs. Wilmott Matthews, the Misses Pearson, Miss Aggie Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Carrie Smith, Miss Eva Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Miles, Mrs. and the Misses Brown, Mrs. Moore, the Misses Hutton, Mr. and Mrs. Millichamp, Miss Olive Millichamp, Mr. and Mrs. Catto, Miss Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, the Misses Gooderham, and Mrs. Beatty.

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Mrs. E. J. Boyes of Oaklands, Cal., has come to spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. R. I. Walker, Queen's park.

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Mrs. George Kerr of Charles street gave a delightful At Home on Friday, November 13. Among those present were: Mrs. and the Misses Lee, Mrs. and the Misses Gooderham, Mrs. and Miss Aikens, Mrs. W. H. B. Aikins, Mrs. Sweetnam, Mrs. I. and the Misses Sweetnam, Mrs. John and the Misses McClung, Mrs. and Miss Annie Pearson, Mrs. Doolittle, Mrs. Fred Walker, Mrs. Irving Walker, Mrs. and Miss Roper, Miss Libbie and Miss Kate Scott, Mrs. and Miss Mason, Mrs. and Miss Clark, Mrs. and Miss Irene Gurney, Mrs. McLaren, the Misses Carty, Mrs. Beatty, and many others.

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Mrs. Geo. H. Nickels of 213 Bleecker street has returned home after a four months' trip for her health.

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Mrs. M. M. Kertland was At Home to a large number of friends at her pretty home, 17 Linden street, last Wednesday afternoon, from 4 30 to 7 o'clock. Among her guests I remarked: Mrs. Justice Osler, Mrs. J. Ross Robertson, Mrs. Macklem, Mrs. and Miss McLean Howard, Mrs. J. P. Murray, Miss Cox, Mrs. Pellatt, Mrs. R. B. Hamilton, Mrs. Jack Beatty, Miss Minnie Temple, Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Willie Parsons, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Miss Kertland, Mrs. Harrison, the Misses Molesworth, Mrs. Massie.

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Mr. Herbert E Clarke, the cornet virtuoso of Gilmore's band, was in town this week.

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The French Club met at Mrs. Beard's last Saturday and spent a most delightful evening with conversation, music and dancing. Among those present were: Mrs. George Macdonald, Mrs. Proctor, Madame Boscovitz, Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Fox, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. Denison, Misses Ellis, Taylor, Leila Taylor, Brown, Ross, Reynolds, McKibbon, Gordon, Nellie Gordon, Catto, Howson, Wilkes, Maud Wilkes, Aikens, and Messrs. Bourlier, Macdonald, Taylor, Ernest Thompson, Williamson, Mason, Korner, Forster, Rowan, Quesnel, Masson, Brown, Palabot, Wilson, Clarke, Dr. Graham and Chevalier Thompson. The club meets to-night at Mrs. Bourlier's, 102 Wellesley street.

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Mrs. Hirschfelder gave a very pretty progressive euchre party last evening at her residence on Maple avenue, Rosedale.

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The Queen's Own Bugle Band delighted the inmates of the Home for Incurables with a fine concert last Monday evening. Mrs. R. B. Hamilton was the prime mover of the entertainment. Space does not permit me to dwell on all the good points of the entertainment, but I must mention Mr. Ross, who as "Black Patti" brought down the house, and Mr. Baker, who sings comic songs to perfection. Capt. Mercer was a most happy chairman.

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The Sons of England church parade to St. James' church was largely attended. The St. George's Society and the Army and Navy Veterans with their band and an entirely new departure, in the presence of the Daughters of England, who marched gallantly, representing two lodges to the number of fifty or sixty, was an interesting feature of the parade. The Bishop preached an excellent sermon and the combined choirs of St. Margaret's, St. Luke's, St. Stephen's, St. Thomas' and St. Mary Magdalene churches rendered a full choral service. Mr. W. H. Hewlett, as a Son of England, took the organist's place for the afternoon.

*

Mrs. Nevitt of 164 Jarvis street was At Home last Monday to a large number of friends. Mrs. Nevitt wore a most becoming gown of black and white silk, and Mrs. Ira Standish, who helped her receive, looked charming in a violet brocade with a bunch of pale pink roses. The pretty rooms were crowded, and among those present were noticed: Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mrs. and Miss Grantham, the Misses Howland, Mrs. Hilton, Miss Proudfoot, Mrs. and Miss Robertson and others.

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Cards are out for an At Home at Mrs. Alfred Gooderham's next Monday afternoon.

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Mrs. (Dr.) Gordon of Spadina avenue is At Home to her friends this afternoon.

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Mr. George Bruenech, the well known water color artist, gives an exhibition of pictures at Mr. J. Bain's art rooms, 55 King street east, during the whole of next week. The pictures, which number about forty, have been on view since Thursday last. I hope to give further particulars next week.

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Mr. R. G. Morrison of the University has recently been awarded the gold medal for high standing in orientals and philosophy, and Mr. W. E. Buckingham received the Ramsay post-graduate scholarship in political science for original research.

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Mr. A. A. Macdonald recently presented Mr. Kelso with a handsome silver cup, and Mr. Bricker with a beautiful silver medal, which were won by these young men of U. C. College, and Mr. Jackson, dean of the residence, presented Messrs. Eby, McMaster, Denison, Hoskin, Campbell, Cutnam, Counsell, Robertson, Falconer, Moss, Bull, McLennan, Cosby and Bricker with blue and silver Rugby caps, which the football representatives of the college are alone allowed to wear. The new members of the team were introduced to the dean by Capt. F. N. Waldie.

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Rev. Charles Gordon of Banff is visiting his brother, Dr. Gordon of this city.

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Mrs. Richardson of Carlton street gave a pleasant evening last Monday. Among her guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Denison, Mrs. and the Misses Steen, Mr. Gordon, Mrs. A. E. Denison, and Mr. and Mrs. Shaw.

*

Mr. J. A. Culverwell, representative of Edison General Electric Company, Montreal, and son of Mr. J. T. Culverwell of Toronto, has received the appointment of General Agent of the Automatic Telephone Company of Canada. Mr. Culverwell is an old Upper Canada College boy.

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Rev. Prof. Rigby of Trinity College gave a very interesting address last Tuesday on the early history of the English Church. This lecture was given under the auspices of St. Andrew's Brotherhood in St. Margaret's Church.

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Mr. Justice Clarke, of Montreal, was in town recently.

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Professor Bell of the Geological Survey was in town this week.

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Capt. W. H. Hargrave of Ogdensburg, N. Y., was staying in the city lately.

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Hon. David Mills, M.P., of London, was in town last Tuesday.

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Sir Oliver Mowat went to Philadelphia last Monday.

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Mr. James Livingstone, M.P., was in town this week.

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Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Burton of Barrie were in the city recently.

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A friendly contest by four of the professors of the University took place last Saturday to test their abilities as pedestrians in walking to Hamilton. The gentlemen were: W. J. Loudon, B.A., G. F. Hull, B.A., J. C. McLennan, B.A., and D. W. Magee, B.A. *On dit*, the walk was a most enjoyable one, and was accomplished in nine hours and forty-five minutes. They were welcomed by friends in Hamilton and spent their brief visit in a most delightful manner, returning by the late evening train to Toronto, feeling none the worse for their trip, and all were at their posts as usual the following morning.

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Mrs. F. Mackelcan of Hamilton was presented last Thursday evening with a beautifully embossed gold medal by the I. P. B. S. after the concert.

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Dr. Allen left last Saturday for Mexico to attend the convention of the American Public Health Association.

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Dr. Corbett of Port Hope was in the city recently.

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Inspector Hughes went to Philadelphia last Friday evening.

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Miss Cecy Harrison has returned home after spending seven months with relatives in the Old Country.

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An immense crowd were attracted to the College of Music on Thursday evening the 17th, to hear an excellent programme, which was enriched by the contributions of Miss Norma Reynolds, Mr. Harry Field and others. I was sorry to hear of the indisposition of Mr. Torrington, which prevented his presence at the performance. Among the many musical people present I noticed: Mr. Bourlier, Mr. Mason, Miss Way, Miss Ethel Read, Miss May Hughes, Miss and Mr. Whatmough, Mrs. Frind, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch, Miss Victoria Mason, Mrs. Beard and Mrs. C. Williams.

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The Toronto Training School for Nurses held their eleventh annual graduating exercises at the General Hospital last Thursday afternoon. The class of '92 is large, and if looks go for anything has more than its share of brains. The ladies composing the class are: Misses Pauline McDougal, Ruth Pirh, Maud Dover, Helen McDonald, Menie Tye, Carrie Pearson, Catharine Smith, Martha Graham, Lottie Phair, Hannah Atkinson, Mary Awde, Sara Gordon, Alice J. Scott, Mary Easton, Minnie Ashton, Martha White, Isabel Turner, Agnes McRae, Helen Melville, Mary Kilgour, Elizabeth Millar, Eleanor Cossford, Isabel McTavish, Jessie Nellis, Rachel E. Jackson, Mrs. Annie Boulton and Mrs. Minnie Gardner.

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A quiet but interesting wedding was celebrated on Monday morning last at St. Patrick's church, when Mr. J. Louis Woods, eldest son of Mr. James J. Woods, of the City Engineer's department, was married to Miss Polly Powell, daughter of Mr. John Powell, of the Grand Trunk Railway. Rev. S. J. Krein, C. S. S. R., performed the ceremony. The bride was attired in a gray cloth traveling costume, with tulle veil, ornamented with orange blossoms, and carried a bunch of white roses. The bridesmaid was Miss Sarah Gormally, and the groomsman was Mr. John Maher of Lindsay. After the ceremony a reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents, 50 Phœbe street, where the young couple received the best wishes of their many friends.

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Society was all astir in Grimsby recently over the marriage of Miss Katie Olivia Nelles, daughter of the late Edward Nelles, and Mr. Francis Mitford Unwin of Barrie, son of the late Elward Unwin of Forest Lodge, Southampton, England. The happy event was solemnized in St. Andrew's church on Wednesday, November 9; the ceremony was performed by Rev. Cornelius Scudamore. The church was decorated with flowers, and was filled to the doors with the many friends of the bride and groom, all anxious to see the wedding of this most popular young couple. A murmur of admiration was heard through the church at 3.35, when the beautiful bride walked up the aisle on the arm of her brother, Mr. R. A. Nelles. She looked lovely in a robe of white corded silk and Henrietta cloth, with ribbon trimmings and the usual orange blossoms. Her two sisters, Misses Nettie and Beulah Nelles, were bridesmaids, and were dressed in cream. Mr. J. H. Unwin, brother of the groom, acted as groomsman. Messrs. J. H. Wilson, A. W. Nelles and R. P. Maloney performed the office of ushers. After the ceremony at the church the wedding party and guests, and a few of the bride's most intimate friends, were driven to the residence of her mother. The house was illuminated and beautifully decorated with flowers. One room was entirely filled with many handsome and costly presents, which were a most tangible evidence of the high esteem in which the bride is held. The happy couple left on the 6 08 train for the west. Miss Nelles will be greatly missed in society. She was leading soprano in St. Andrew's church choir, and was foremost in nearly all musical entertainments. But Grimsby's loss is Barrie's gain, and the wish of her many admiring friends is that she may have a happy and prosperous future.

*

A most pleasing and successful entertainment was given last Monday week by the Sunday school children of the Methodist church on McCaul street. It was on the occasion of their fifth anniversary. The programme was quite lengthy, but judging by the repeated applause was not too long for the large audience present. Choruses, solos, recitations and fancy drills were all well received. One recitation entitled Three Little Toadstools, was very novel and funny, given by three wee girls in pretty white frocks; they carried parasols which had been made to represent toadstools, and were held over their heads. The Doll drill was done very gracefully by eighteen little girls dressed as nurses in quaint gray gowns and white muslin caps, kerchiefs and aprons; they carried lovely dolls in flowing robes, and went through many figures and gestures in a most graceful manner. The Chorister was sung by Willie Leader. Another solo which well deserved the encore was, Only Tired, by Miss Lennie James. I am sorry not to be able to give a more lengthy description, as all the children did remarkably well.

*

Mrs. Beatty, Queen's Park, gave a large reception on Saturday last which was a great success. Mrs. Beatty wore a handsome black and white silk costume; Miss Beatty, flame color gown with light bordering; Miss Maude Beatty, black, artistically combined with azure plaid and jet; Mrs. MacMahon looked handsome in a black and pink striped silk with mauve and pale pink embroidered in gold; Mrs. Alexander Cameron, black with little French bonnet of green; Mrs. Clark, dark velvet and fur; Mrs. Mulock, brown and fawn stripe wi h velvet trimmings. Among others noticed as being present were: Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham, Mr. Blackstock, Mrs. George Denison, the Misses Todd, Mrs. Bolte, Miss Thorburn, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Barwick, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. Mrs. and Miss Hoskins, the Misses Lockhart, Mrs. Sweatman, Mrs. George Ridout, Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. Parker, Mr. and Miss Bickford, Mrs. Nixon, Mrs. Davidson, Mrs. Osler, Mrs. Creelman, the Misses DuMoulin and Mr. and Mrs. Scott.

*

The dance given by Mrs. Wyld and her daughter, Mrs. D. Campbell Macdonald, in St. George's Hall, last Tuesday evening, was a most elegant and stylish affair, and proved the thorough adaptability of the lovely assembly hall to such a *chic* gathering of Toronto's *élite*. Mrs. Wyld and Mrs. Macdonald received their guests at the west end and the orchestra was stationed in the musicians' gallery opposite. St. George's Hall is planned on the old baronial model, and with its dais, beautiful, carved woodwork and quaint little paned windows, is a charming piece of old English architecture. Mrs. Wyld wore an elegant gown of black satin and lace with diamond ornaments. Mrs. Campbell Macdonald's dress of whipcord silk was one of the most beautiful ever seen in a Toronto ballroom. The color was a delicate pink with border of ostrich feather trimming, and the style a modified Empire with most graceful and becoming lines; a faint tone of delicate colors was introduced in the brocaded Empire sash, and the elegant costume was completed by a charming fan made to match the gown. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore black lace and diamonds; Mrs. Dobell, yellow silk; Mrs. H. Keble Merritt, pale blue, with dark spangled velvet trimming; Mrs. Brouse, dark gray silk and silver embroidery; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, dark gray silk and diamonds; Mrs. Dawson, a handsome yellow and golden brown silk; Mrs. Osler, mauve silk and velvet with white lace; Mrs. James Crowther, yellow and white silk and violets; Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, yellow brocade with lavender velvet sleeves and trimmings; Mrs. I. Scott, blue and black silk with pink trimming; Mrs. Gibson, white and pink with lace; Mrs. Bolte, pale blue and lavender; Mrs. Barwick, gray and black velvet; Mrs. William Crowther, white and pale pink brocade with pink velvet sleeves and pearl ornaments; Miss Beasie McDonald, a unique costume of pink and white brocaded lisse over white satin, with sleeves of pink velvet; Mrs. Alexander, pale pink silk and black feather trimming; Mrs. Frank Cowan, white corded silk, trimmed with pearls and lace; Miss Bain, robin-egg blue corded silk and pearl ornaments; Miss Pope, white silk and lace; Miss Walker, light striped silk, with velvet; Mrs. E. Bristol, white brocade with jeweled girdle; Miss Hoskins, rose and white spotted silk organdie with rose-pink ribbons; Miss Dawson, pale blue and pink ribbons; Miss Armour, blue and white striped watered silk and pale blue trimming; Mrs. A. Foy, cream and green velvet; Miss Ferguson, white brocade and pale blue velvet; Miss Skae, black and yellow striped silk; Miss Elsie Clark, mauve broadcloth, trimmed with Alaska sable; Miss Thompson, buttercup yellow *crepe de chine*, trimmings, violets, a charming toilet; Mrs. Mortimer Clark, a handsome toilet of silver and pink brocade; Miss Leila Mackay looked charming in white broadcloth, trimmings, sealskin, white and green ribbons; Miss Bickford, yellow surah and black velvet.

A quiet little wedding occurred at All Saints' church on Thursday morning, Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin officiating. The contracting parties were Mr. Franklin Horner of Mimico and Miss Susan Louisa Orr of the same place. Those present comprised only the intimate friends and relatives of the young couple. Mr. and Mrs. Horner left in the afternoon for a short trip, after which they will take up house at Mimico.

*

Mrs. W. E. Carswell, wife of the popular manager of the Dominion Bank, at Uxbridge, gave a very successful At Home to a number of her friends on Tuesday last. The guests were invited to meet Miss Morrison from Toronto, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Carswell, for a short time. Miss Morrison has made many friends during her short stay here. Mrs. Carswell's rooms were thronged with happy dancers till a late hour, and after supper the vigor imparted by the bountiful repast spread by the hostess inspired the young people, so that the flight of time was not noticed till an early hour in the morning.

*

Mrs. Bickford has issued invitations for a *bal poudre* for Tuesday, December 6.

*

Mrs. G. A. Case is visiting Mrs. Walter Blackburn of London.

*

Mrs. C. E. Martin of 110 Carlton street has cards out for a dance on Friday, December 2.

*

On Monday evening, Dr. Nevitt (Dean of the Woman's Medical College) and Mrs. Nevitt, entertained the young ladies attending the college. An Evening with Tennyson proved a pleasant break in their medical studies. Quota-

*(Continued on Page Eleven.)*


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## Some Pretty Fashions.

TEA gowns will be as much worn this winter as though they were a novelty, instead of a heritage of many dead and gone seasons. Their general design is about the same, with here and there a change in deference to the prevailing Empire craze. A model in pale blue cashmere is pretty and simple. The back of the robe and upper sleeves are finely tucked. The lower sleeve is of blue poplin, with a deep creamy frill of *pointe de Venise* and cuff edged with embroidery stitching. The silk poplin fronts fall loosely in straight folds from the bust, which is veiled by a plastron of embroidery, stitching and lace. There is no trimming about the edge of the skirt. Another graceful tea gown is in dark crimson wool poplin, with a Watteau back. Both yoke and collar are of finely plaited coffee-colored net, ending in frills of lace, which fall over the sleeves and also drape the sides of the front. The sleeves and underdress to accompany this gown are of pale pink silk poplin, finely plaited, and held to the figure with informally tied strips of gimp in pale pink and tinsel. A lace chemisette is worn with it. A third example is a black broche tea gown with a Watteau pleat extending from a V-shaped yoke of jet, a fichu of black lace and long ribbon bows. The front is of black silk, with blouse arrangement caught into the waist with a jet belt. The sleeves have lace frills and jetted cuffs, and a lace flounce encircles the train, being festooned at intervals with satin ribbon bows.

•

Shot velvet is the favorite material for hats at present. It is new and costly as well as effective. In looking through any collection of smart headgear this autumn, two-thirds of the trimmings will show at least a touch of green. Emerald green is quite as much the fad of the moment as turquoise blue happened to be a year or more ago. Magentas, with all the tones of pink imaginable, are noted. These are combined with black, nine times out of ten, with one or more buckles, of course, as well as an aigrette in the *outre* feather designs so popular. For the first time in years, it is impossible to denominate any one shape or style of decoration as leading the mode. Women wear hats of any fashion they like, and so long as the materials are rich and new and are laid on by an expert hand, they may rest satisfied as to the general result. Except for a white owl's head on a white and gold theater bonnet, or some equally rare adaptation, the bodies of birds are rarely seen. This must be a season for using up odds and ends, and giving the feathered tribe an opportunity to repair the ravages former years have wrought in their kind. Single iridescent quills of composite ornaments are essentially smart.

•

One of the most deliciously pretty evening bonnets imported this season may be copied successfully at home by any woman with skillful fingers. The frame of white wire, covered with net, is small, and fits the head closely. A scarf of creamy, crisp lace, *pointe de Venise*, is then pinned over it so as to form ruching about the edge of the bonnet, with the center drawn back in soft folds. The proper touch of color is given by petunia pink velvet ribbon an inch wide, tied in a bow, with many long slender loops that fall back from an oval buckle of glittering paste set directly in the center of the front. Plaid ribbons are frequently arranged on felt hats, the bows covering the entire crown. Jet is likely to be even more worn than at present when the season advances, especially the kind that is mounted *a jour* on a metal foundation. A bonnet of this sort for a middle-aged lady, trimmed with petunia velvet and ospreys, is extremely good. Velvet elaborately worked with colored tinsel thread is introduced alike on hats and bonnets, and the butterfly bows, made either of velvet, feathers or jet, are quite novel and most extraordinary.

•

An elaborate and expensive bit of jewelry is the old-time stomacher. The modern article, however, is made in sections, and may be used as bracelets or ornaments for dress parties. The pieces are fastened together by strong hooks and are so arranged that they may readily be joined or separated as occasion requires. A novelty in an evening dress is an accordion-pleated *crepe* made almost precisely in the style of the old-fashioned Mother Hubbard. A corselet and very deep cuffs of metal embroidery or passementerie relieve the wrapper-effect which might be otherwise objectionable. Pretty and inexpensive evening dresses are made of white or colored net over silk. The edges of the net are turned in, and very narrow ribbon is threaded through them.

•

The blouse bodice that for the past year has so gallantly held its own in feminine favor, promises to renew its lease of popularity for this winter. Such charming new designs for home and morning wear may now be seen at the leading dressmaking establishments. For example, there is one made up in black surah with a very wide Empire belt of colored tartan drawn through a long buckle. The large sleeves are also of tartan and are gathered into deep, tight-fitting black cuffs; the wide tartan collar is fully pleated, extending frill-like across the shoulders and in a deep point to the waist in front. Another is also of black silk, with yoke and cuffs of pink silk, closely covered with black guipure lace. The bodice itself is quite full, and can be worn with a wide or narrow black silk waist-band. It is very pretty.

•

Plaids wax in favor as the season progresses, and for home wear women will find the crisp silk waists of red, green and gold tartan extremely becoming. They are convenient also, as they continue well with any sort of skirt and jacket. Neat cloth vests, made exactly like gentlemen's waistcoats, even to the strap and buckle at the back, are much in evidence at present. Those of navy blue, gray or brown, specked with white, relieve the sombreness of winter suits, and with high collar and four-in-hand ties keep up the suggestion of masculinity that distinguished last summer's fashions. The very smartest tailor suits have, as usual, coats to correspond with the costumes. These wraps extend to the knee and fit close in the back, with a velvet strap or band to define the waist line. The fronts are double-breasted, are shaped, and yet fall rather loosely from the bust, with an exaggeratedly broad collar of velvet ending in wide revers. Some extend very far over from right to left, with a single rever of velvet that covers a full half of the front. Clever women are experiencing no difficulty in touching up last winter's coats to make them look like new. If the cut and material were good, the addition of very big velvet sleeves and velvet collar and revers will add the novelty requisite from season to season.

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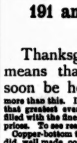

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A Royal Canadian or Royal Dominion clothes wringer, fully harnessed, only $2.69; three string brooms, best green broom (corn), 15c; 6 doz. clothes pins, 5c.

Baby's own soap, 10c. per cake; Fatherland boxes, 3 cakes 10c.; Gem bouquet, 5c.; Castile, 6c. cake; Wolff's acme shoe polish, 10c.

Finely cloth bound books of the works of all the great authors, 19c.; paper covered books, 5c. and 7c.; Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, $1.25.

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# TWICE LOST:

## A Tale of Love and Fortune.

By RICHARD DOWLING,

*Author of "The Hidden Flame," "Fatal Bonds," "Tempest Driven," "A Baffling Quest," Etc.*

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### CHAPTER XXXI.

JEATERS TAKES NEW LODGINGS.

For a moment Edith Orr was taken aback by the meeting with Jeaters and his declaration that he was going to claim the rooms he had taken some days ago at Muscovy place.

He stood gazing and smiling at her with a look of airy confidence. Edith quickly recovered herself, and almost before it was possible to notice that she had paused at all, said with one of her sunny smiles, "Oh, but when you did not come we made other arrangements. We have not retained the place, but we have it retained for another." Of course this was true, for Crane had told them not to let the rooms, and it might falsify what he had told Jeaters when he spoke of his cousin, Mrs. Blackwood, in case that poor afflicted woman might change her mind.

"Retained it for another!" cried Jeaters, in affected surprise. "That other is very lucky. A man who has such luck as that is sure to have a bewitingly romantic name."

"Oh, no, indeed, it is not nearly so romantic a name as Fancourt."

Jeaters smiled and bowed, but in the smile there was a trace of wince to be seen if careful eyes had been watching him.

"It is," she said, "one of the most commonplace names in the world. The man we are retaining the rooms for is Mr. John Crane."

"Ah," said Jeaters with a start. "You will, I know, excuse my asking a question, for I am naturally interested in those rooms, once so nearly mine. You will pardon me when I enquire if Mr. Crane intends taking possession of them at once." Cresswell's news did not include the date of Edith's marriage, did not, in fact, include anything but the elementary substance that she was engaged to a man named John Crane, and that her future husband was in the watchmaking and optical instrument business. If she said he was to occupy the rooms at once that would mean her marriage had been fixed for an early date.

To her mind the question looked quite natural. But she felt neither her mother nor Jack would so regard it. They would think at once it was but to find out whether after visiting the house on plunder bent would have to count with a man. She felt neither her mother nor Jack would give information of any kind about Muscovy place to this man, and yet Jack had said they would not be safe in taking action against Fancourt on suspicion alone. Surely he bore his eviction very well, and no one could deny that he had not received good treatment in having the rooms taken from him without a word of apology or explanation. She had no firm conviction herself that this man had meant robbery. Fancourt was watching her anxiously while waiting for an answer.

She said, "Mr. Crane may require the rooms any moment, though not for himself. He is himself going a long journey. He may be away months, but his friend may want the rooms at any moment." This answer, she thought, met several requirements of the case. If this man cared to enquire he could easily find out Jack was going to America; and that, consequently, the rooms could not be used by him. This man Fancourt was clever, and could take it for certain that Jack's friend was a man, and he could find out from no one who Jack's friend was.

Jeaters looked keenly at the girl. She displayed no trace of bashfulness, or confusion, or shyness, or mental reservation of any kind. He made up his mind she was not going to be married before Crane went away. It is more than probable her answers would have been just as free and unembarrassed if the truth were otherwise, but, as often happens, he had divined the truth from false premises.

Instantly when he came to this conclusion his whole manner changed. A light, persuasive graciousness seemed to emanate from all his being. He looked like a man wont to organize or compel smiles. It was as though the sunshine of the bright October day had its origin in him. He was not so handsome, Orr, that because I have been so unfortunate as to miss the pleasure of shel'ering my wandering head under Mrs. Orr's roof that I am going to forget how near I was to that gratification. I hope to get some rooms near Muscovy place, and never to forget the little accident to my watch which led to my making the acquaintance of your mother and yourself." He bowed slightly, with just that suppressed touch of homage to her beauty which he knew soothed and gratified the vanity of shy, beautiful women. He guessed Edith Orr had no trace of shyness in her nature. He saw in the relief that one of the most successful wiles of man with woman was the assumption on his part that she possessed delicacy and unapproachableness beyond all mortal nature.

"Oh, Mr. Fancourt," said she, with a look of grave concern for his affairs, "you must not forget that we have your watch." Orr's wife were certainly not the manner and speech of burglars as she had fashioned burglars in her mind.

"To be sure," said he. "I must call for my watch."

"And there is your portmanteau also." It was painful to have to turn this courteous and polite man into the street in this unceremonious manner. It seemed little short of an outrage, although the girl believed he was guilty. Jeaters, and suspected that his fine manners and fine smile only glossed qualities far from admirable.

"A portmanteau with a history," said he, laughing. "You must know, I very nearly got into trouble about that innocent-looking old wreck of a portmanteau."

"Indeed!" said she, looking at him in perplexity. "What was he going to tell about this valise, which had almost led Jack to communicate with the police!

"You must know that when I went back to my old lodgings to fetch some of my baggage I took that portmanteau because I had put into it the things I should need at once. I mean such things as I should take with me if I were going to the country for a week. My other luggage is in a dark box room usually kept locked. My old portmanteau at Muscovy place was no lock on it, only a wee bolt, and my box-room is full of all sorts of odds and ends. The two young sons of my landlady, five and six years of age, when they heard the door of the room opened, thought they would have a game, so they amused themselves by packing and unpacking my underclothing, shirts, and in the end left it with nothing but a suit of my clothes and a bank of some kind of line—clothes line, I believe, which they found in the box room. They played that game on their way to the wilds of Africa, and that the rope would be useful for tying up their savage prisoners. By the time I came to the second occasion (you remember Mrs. Orr was so kind as to lend me my railway fare), all had been discovered, and my landlady (who was in a pleasant way that she had been seriously thinking of putting the police on my track for stealing her clothes line." He laughed softly.

The girl stepped back a pace and caught the bulwark of the boat. "What a merciful escape!" she cried, thinking of how near they had been to putting the police on the track of this innocent man.

"Oh, dear, no," said he, laughing. "I assure you my landlady had no thought of locking me up. It was only fun on her part." He thought as he looked at Edith Orr's troubled face, "engagement or no engagement to John Crane, this girl already takes an interest in me. Why, she is almost fainting because she thinks I was near being arrested for having stolen that rope! What a glorious, sympathetic creature she is! What a woman to be a man to have by his side and on his side through life!"

Jeaters said aloud, "Here we are, arrived already, Miss Orr. You look as if you were not feeling very well. Can I do anything for you?"

"No, thank you. I am quite well in health, but just then I thought of a matter which troubled me a little. Good day," and she was gone.

In meditative mood Jeaters strolled ashore, his eyes on the ground. He was thinking of this manifestation of emotion on the girl's part.

Could it be that she had the moment she first saw him conceived a feeling for him such as he had felt for her when he saw her first? Could it be that she liked him from the first, and would have of herself responded to any addresses on his part? Could her mother interfered in favor of this man Crane? Could it be this glorious girl's heart was on its way to him when her mother refused to have him as a lodger, let the place to Crane instead and insisted on her daughter entering into an engagement with Crane? It looked very like it. Such an interference with such a girl would have been a monstrous impertinence, nay, an injustice to him. But if this man Crane was going a long journey, to be away for several months, all might yet be well. She did not look like a girl who could be coerced or cajoled into an engagement with a man she did not like. But then, no one could form an opinion worth a button in cases of this kind unless he were in possession of all the facts, and he himself just now knew next to nothing.

It might not be too late! It should not be too late! The dark, forbidding, frowning, threatening past he had left behind forever. The bright and glorious future, the future that shone before him like a land of eternal and intoxicating triumphs, was his, if he would. Poverty, squalid, and, by heavens, no squat mechanic should stand between him and the raptures he had designed to share with her.

He had been walking, not heeding whither, and yet an undefined purpose had guided his steps, for when he paused it was opposite Cresswell, the tobacconist, facing Muscovy place.

He went into the shop, and flinging himself languidly in the chair said:

"Have you got a couple of rooms you could let me?"

Cresswell started and seized the counter with his large hands as if someone were trying to run a way with it. He could not have been more astonished if Jeaters had asked him what he thought of the new idea of running the Derby with three legged horses.

"I have two rooms upstairs I make no use of. But there is no furniture in them."

"Never mind about that," said Jeaters.

"Bless my soul," cried the myoper. "You don't mean to say you could make the hole of two grates do instead of furniture?" cried the tobacconist in uncomfortable amazement. Jeaters' energy had for the moment deprived the man of reason and left him capable of utterring any absurdity.

"No," said Jeaters with a smile. "The hobs would not be enough. But I should not be very much. Furniture, you know, may be bought or hired."

"So it could," said Cresswell. "I never thought of that at the moment."

"What I want to know is, will you let me the rooms? I'll look after the rest."

"I'm sure I'd be only too glad. But I have no wife or any other woman folk to see to you. I get my meals sent in and the charwoman does the tidying."

"That will answer me perfectly."

"There's only one thing that might not suit me."

"And what is that?"

"You would not try to suck my brains!"

"Eh!" said Jeaters, in a tone so much astonished as Cresswell was a moment ago.

"You wouldn't try to suck my brains about horses, for I know all about horses."

Jeaters hid a smile in the hollow of his hand and said, "Oh, no, you may rely on me there. I don't bet. Indeed, I know nothing at all about horses and if you told me all you know I should be able to make no use of it."

"Then," said Cresswell, with a great sigh of relief, "you can have the rooms at any price you think fair and I'll be very glad if I may now and then speak to you about horses, for I know a great lot and I hear a great lot and often I feel my whole intellect alive and bursting with horses."

"You can talk as much as you like to me about horses and feel quite certain I shall never make any use of a word you say," said Jeaters, "And as the bargain was struck for Jeaters' new lodgings opposite Mu-covy place where Edith Orr lived.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

NEWS FROM VERA PAX.

"I have arranged with Mrs. Natchbrook for my cousin, and Ben Sherwin is all right in the business, for six months. I don't know what to make of that explanation Fancourt volunteered to you of the rope in his portmanteau, but I am quite certain he is not the kind of man I could ever bring myself to like."

"I don't say I like him, Jack, and I am sure he is as you say too sweet to be sound. But he gave me the explanation about the rope very naturally and without any invitation on my part, and he could have had no suspicion we knew what was in the portmanteau or should have been uneasy if we had known."

"Well, it may be all right. And you tell me he has never called for his portmanteau or watch?" said Crane. The two were in Mrs. Orr's parlor, and this was the leave-taking for Crane's long journey. In a few minutes he would be on his way to Waterloo station. Thence he was going to Southampton, where he would join the steamer for New York. He was in the best of health and spirits. They had agreed that this parting was to be no more than if he were going over to North Durham. He had decided against going even as Waterloo. He was displeased with himself that he had referred to Fancourt at all at this meeting, but had helped himself to brandy in order that the subject might drop off without abruptness, he said:

"I suppose he has left the neighborhood?"

"I do not know where he is. I am inclined to think not, for I have seen him go more than once into Cresswell's over the way. I heard Mrs Crawford talk of his taking a lodger and some furniture went into the house a few days ago. It did occur to me that as Mr. Fancourt still wanted lodging in this neighborhood he might be Cresswell's new lodger.

"Ay, so he may be," said Crane indifferently. "After he has fetched away his watch and portmanteau he will have no further need to come here, and you need not be afraid of him."

"Afraid of him!" cried the girl, with a joyous laugh. "Good gracious! what should I be afraid of? I am not afraid of anyone or anything. I felt quite different towards him in the ferryboat that day. I felt I could nearly pity him. He looked much more like a man to protect and keep from rough things than one to be afraid of. If you think I should ever be afraid of him you may put it out of your head. Why, I think he is afraid of me, and I know he feels that I am not to be frightened by a bogey. There is a look about Mr. Fancourt's face as though he had never lived with himself and was afraid of being alone. I have lived so long by myself and looked so long on the river by night that I am not afraid of being alone."

"I know you are brave, like all simple souls. There, let us think no more of that matter. It is near my time now. I shall write from Southampton and send you an account of my voyage from New York, and then as often as chance will allow until I get to the south of Mexico. After that no one seems to know much of the route. Let us say a month or five weeks for me to get to my destination, a month there and a month or five weeks coming back. Allowing for accidents and the unseen, say four months in all. Well, my heart, four months from this I will ask you to tell me the day, and in the meantime you are my heart, my very heart, the life blood of my heart, myself—self—self," he clasped her to him, "the treasure house of my joy, the woman of my life and soul."

"And Jack, you are my man;" she kissed him wildly, passionately, frantically, and then with a loud shout burst from him and flew upstairs.

This was not the kind of parting they had arranged, but even the gods are mere mortals when they are stirred.

Earlier than Jack's ordinary morning visit arrived his letter from Southampton, so that for a moment he seemed not further away but nearer.

Then came the long hush of the ghostly Atlantic, through which, it seemed to Edith, the ship which bore him moved only by weird moonlight and in the night.

Then a great burst of splendor, as though the sun of a month had constellated in the east, when his huge budget came with the New York postmark.

So far, everything had gone so regularly that she was tempted to think all would go with regularity to the end.

But after a few days there was no counting surely, and as the days went on the irregularity increased. When the south of Mexico was reached she was grateful that the letter at last came, always hoping, but never relying on her hopes for definite realization.

From the city of Guatemala she was told that he was going east, plunging into the unknown, into an unsettled country where nothing was certain.

"So far he has kept marvelously to the dates he laid down for himself. Even if I do not hear again until he is back in the city of Guatemala I must be content. He will be there again in a month or six weeks. That is not so long to wait for news, and once I begin to hear again I shall hear oftener and oftener until the telegram comes from Southampton and we meet him at Waterloo! Oh, my Jack, my life! my man!

Meanwhile she was in all things the same old blithe, joyous, capable Edie. Her mother could see no difference in her, and often she thought, half dissatisfied (that she never spoke her thought) that a young maid might show more signs of sorrow at the absence of her sweetheart.

But Edith went about her household duties and had business talks with Ben Sherwin just as though Jack had never proposed to her at all and was still methodically attending to his business in Water lane.

Ben was very solemn and collected under the double weight of a deed of trust for the care of the two women in Muscovy place. He puffed himself up in private with the assurance that Edith Orr was as much under his direct control as a girl at a boarding-school is under her mistress. But he had a wholesome feeling in the presence of Edith that any attempt on his part to lower her into forwardness would be met by an overwhelming burst of laughter from which his dignity could never by any stretch recover in that house.

So great a change did his responsibilities work in Ben that Mrs. Orr was under the impression he was a funerally dull young man, and that he was so wise for his age it would be idle to hope he could ever see forty.

"I don't like to see a young man so calm and collected as Mr. Sherwin," she had said to Edith. "It isn't natural, my dear; and I'm afraid his liver or his mind must be wrong. He is the very best young man in the world, my dear, but I am afraid he is a trifle too quiet, and to me it looks as if he were in a decline, or something dark and sorrowful."

Edith did not forget or neglect poor broken-hearted Pollie, or Fannie Blackwood as she was now called. Every day she went to see the invalid, and every day she told kind-hearted rubicund Mrs. Natchbrook that she noticed an improvement in the patient.

Jim Natchbrook had been married, and he and his young wife were now living with the good widow. Pollie had from the first shown steady interest in Jim's pretty, simple bride. She would talk for hours with the young girl about her courtship and marriage, and seemed never to be weary of the subject. After these long chats she would turn on her side to the wall, and they thought she wept in silence at these times; but she never let them see her weep, and if she thus found relief in tears it did her no harm, for beyond all doubt her health was improving.

Pollie had told the doctor she had been very ill indeed, and that she had a suspicion, though she never heard expressly, that her former physician had pronounced her case hopeless. The practitioner in the Isle of Dogs gave it as his opinion that coming at the point of her illness when it did, her fall into the water may have had a beneficial effect. As far as he could see there was no reason why she should not get well again.

At this she merely shook her head and turned her face to the wall and said no more. Mrs. Natchbrook, believing the afflicted creature was weeping, beckoned the doctor out of the room.

"She will never tell us exactly how she got into the water," said the good soul to the doctor when they were alone. "But it's my opinion when she got into the water she wanted to stay there, and evil still she would not be sorry to go back to the Thames."

"Still," said the doctor confidently, "she is gaining strength daily, and although she may never be a sound woman again I see no reason why she should not bury all of us."

Jeaters, under his Fancourt name of Fancourt, was now established on Cresswell's first floor. From the window of his sitting-room he commanded a view of Muscovy place, and could see into the shop when the door was opened.

Even still his portmanteau and watch remained there, and from the day of his meeting with Edith on the ferry-boat he never crossed the threshold, nor had she encountered him accidentally anywhere abroad.

One morning as it was getting near the time when the first return letter was due from Guatemala City, Jeaters was sitting at his window smoking a cigar, the open sheet down the newspaper in weariness. Everything in it wearied him. He had heard through Cresswell, whose shop was the gossip exchange, that Crane had gone to Central America to look after some property left him there by a relative, and that he did not expect to be back for some four months from his starting.

It was now the middle of January, and Crane was expected back in February. Jeaters had decided that it would be time enough to call at Muscovy place too soon. It would be better to wait until he could count on producing a fresh effect. It would be as well to respect as much conventional propriety as he could, and it would never do to make love to this young goddess the minute the man to whom she had pledged herself was out of the way. He had busied himself making enquiries, and certain facts connected with the position of Wrighton and Fry had come to his knowledge. He held back from day to day in the hope of being able to pose as a benefactor as well as a lover.

This particular day about eleven o'clock he noticed the postman deliver a large packet at 8 Muscovy place. Edith took it in and came to the glass door to look at its contents.

He saw her glance hastily through several sheets of paper. He saw her hands fall to her side. He saw her head drop forward on he' chest.

Rising hastily from his chair he seized his hat and dashed across the road.

He flew past the window and opened the glass door of the shop. Edith was leaning against the glass case in the doorway. The door just swung clear of her. Her head still lay on her breast.

"Miss Orr!" he cried, as he touched her. "Miss Orr, you are ill!"

As he spoke she slipped forward and fell into his arms limp and lifeless.

She had fainted.

There had not been time for her to read the long letter she had received. Some paragraph or incidence at the end of it had caught her impatient eye.

Was John Crane dead? Was the low-sized man who had come between him and this superb creature dead thousands of miles from home? Had fate for a second time stretched forth a deadly hand to clear the way for him to Edith Orr?

*(To be Continued.)*

### A Texas Liar.

At one time during the war Bob Beasly and myself were chums and friends. We drank from the same canteen, and both of us were arrested together while skinning a hog that had got lost in the woods.

I was otherwise under some slight obligations to Beasly. He saved my life at the siege of Indianola, Texas, in 1863. A large cannon ball passed diagonally through my body while we were getting away from a Federal battery. I would certainly have perished if Beasly had not, at the risk of his life, carried me to a place of safety on his horse. And yet I subsequently forfeited his to speak to me.

My reason for breaking friendship with Beasly was a very simple one. I discovered that he was not truthful. If there is anything in life worth detest it is an untruthful man. I don't mind a friend becoming moderately intoxicated occasionally. I can even overlook a mean trick on the part of a friend who forgets to pay back small sums of money he may have borrowed, but for the man who wilfully expands the truth no subsequent use. Strictly truthful myself—never indulging in the slightest deviation from veracity—I cannot tolerate lying in a friend.

I first began to suspect Beasly of lying one day in camp, when he told a queer story about a meteor chasing him, in broad daylight, around the barn, and following him up a tree and across a creek; but I thought perhaps that was only his careless way of telling the story.

One day while we were discoursing the intelligence of the different animals, and I had told him a story about a hunting dog I owned that could imitate the call of the wild turkey, he said:

"Alex, did I ever tell you about that tame crab I owned in Galveston before the war?"

"No, you never did, that I remember."

"Well, before I owned that crab I used to think that dogs were the intelligent, but that crab laid them all nuts. One day I was seated on a log near the beach at Galveston, when some thing gave me a dreadful pinch on the leg, and I saw a crab as big as a soup plate hurrying toward the water. I headed him off. At first I thought I would kill him on the spot, but on reflection I laid him up in my handkerchief and took him home, for I was partial to boiled crab.

"What sort of a crab was it?"

"It was, apparently, an ordinary crab. When I got him home I told Susan—that's my wife's name—to drop him into a pot of boiling water and have the supper ready. When the crab heard me say this he held up his claws, as if begging for life."

"Oh, pshaw!"

"I thought so, at least, so I said to Susan; 'Let him live. I can do without crab to-night.' Susan thought she would have seen the poor creature frisk around and wag his tail with gratitude—just like a dog. He was so grateful that from that time on he would go out in the yard every morning and bring me in the morning paper from where the carrier boy had thrown it."

"Look here, Beasly!"

"Fact, I assure you. I believe I could have taught that crab to shave me, it was so intelligent and willing. When I went down town of an evening to play a game of billiards, I would take him along, and it amused the people to see him play with me. One evening I forgot to take Bartholomew along. We used to call him Bartholomew. I was busy making a run at the billiard-table, when I felt something pull at my pants, and looking down, there I saw Bartholomew. As I afterwards learned, he had been to every billiard saloon in Galveston looking for me."

"I didn't say much. I could not help thinking that Beasly was exaggerating a little, so I said:

"Beasly, sooner or later you will tell downright lies. If you don't you die broke."

"I might do that if I weren't careful to confine myself to facts," he replied; "but you will be astonished when I tell you how Bartholomew followed me to Houston.

"Just before I left I said to my wife: 'Susan, I am going to Houston this afternoon; be careful to shut up Bartholomew or he will follow me.' She said she would lock him up, so I went on to Houston. Next morning I was sitting in a coffee house in Houston, taking a cup of coffee with Dan McGarry, of the Houston *Age*, when in walks Bartholomew.

"You may think it queer, but Bartholomew came the entire distance from Galveston to Houston!"

"Walk? No, of course not. Bartholomew was no such fool as that. He came up on the night train, and as a crab has to go backwards he had actually purchased a round trip ticket," concluded Beasly.

That story settled my relations with Beasly. I refused to mess with him any longer, and a few days afterwards, while we were in the trenches around Indianola, Beasly was killed by a Federal shell as big as a flour barrel while he was telling that same crab story to the cap-


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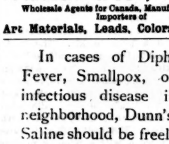

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## The Lightning Express.

It was on a cold winter's evening that we were to start from Burlington, Vt., for Boston. The January thaw had failed to put in an appearance that year, and the cold in the northern region had been intense, bedding the frost to a great depth in the soil.

After purchasing our tickets for the lightning express, as it was called, and placing valise and wrapper safely in one of the passenger cars, we had strolled about the depot, until we finally paused before the large and powerful locomotive which was to draw the train on its downward trip. A sudden thought struck me. I had never ridden upon a locomotive; it would be a new sensation. Was it possible to do so to-night? I asked the engineer, who shook his head, but still answered me pleasantly:

"There is the superintendent, yonder; ask him."

He somewhat reluctantly assented to my desire, but not without numerous cautions, and the remark that it was quite exceptional to grant such a privilege to anyone.

Walking to the side of the locomotive, the superintendent introduced me to the engineer and gave him directions to accommodate me.

Five minutes later the signal bell was rung, the shrill whistle sounded, steam was gradually let into the cylinders and the train rolled out of the depot into the darkness, which for a moment was rendered more dense by contrast with the well lighted depot left behind.

I at once bestowed myself so as not to be in the way of the engineer or fireman, and curiously watched the novel scene immediately about me, for that was all I could possibly see.

"Never on a locomotive before?" suggested the engineer.

"No."

"Can't see much such a night as this."

"No; it's as dark as a pocket," I replied.

"Of a nice summer's day it's all very well," continued the engineer, "but of a dark night—well, I don't think it's very jolly."

All the while he was looking straight ahead, with his hands on the valves to shut off steam and to whistle down brakes at an instant's notice.

"How far ahead can you see?" I asked.

"About a couple of rods such a night as this, unless a strong signal lantern is shown, then we can see farther."

"Two rods would be of no real advantage if we were to encounter an obstacle on the track," I suggested.

"Well, no; you can't stop an express train much inside of an eighth of a mile with the style of brakes we now have."

"Aye, that's it. You require a more powerful sort of brake, is that what I understand you to mean?"

"Exactly; one that will act with greater power, and yet not bring a train up dead standing, as it were. That would be almost as bad as to run into an object dead ahead," replied the engineer.

"Something of the sort will be invented!"

"Oh, yes, one of these days; I've always said so."

In the meantime the lightning express was rushing on its way, straight into the intense darkness, which, if possible, was now rendered more apparent by a fleecy fall of snow, which was packed all about us by reason of the great speed at which we were running.

I could not but admire the perfect coolness of the two men who were my companions, though my own senses were in a constant state of nervous excitement. The intense darkness, the blinding snow into which we drove, as it seemed to me not knowing whither, kept my senses on the alert.

I could not divest myself of the feeling that there was perhaps something in that darkness just ahead which we were sure to run into and wreck the train. Finally, my excited brain began to recall some of the railroad accidents of which I had read or heard, until, as I had just arrived at the height of miserable anticipation, I suddenly exclaimed, "What is that?" on hearing something like a prolonged whistle ahead.

"Your ears are quick," said the engineer. "That is the Rutland accommodation train; it will pass us in a moment."

Even while he was speaking there appeared in front of us the bright signal lantern upon the other engine, seeming exactly in front of us, and perhaps six or eight rods distant; but scarcely had the eye settled upon the dazzling object before it swept past us on the other track so quickly as to seem to have been a flash of lightning, and for an instant quite taking away my breath, though my companions did not so much as wink an eyelid.

In this instance we had not only the thirty miles per hour headway of our own train, but also the twenty miles per hour of the accommodation train added to the speed which so rapidly separated us.

It was not a very pleasant thought which passed through my brain just then, that a misplaced switch might bring these two trains upon the same track facing each other, and at this frightful rate of speed the result can be easily conceived.

We had stopp d twice for wood and water, at which time I might have taken my seat in the passenger cars, but a sense of wild fascination seemed to attach me to the locomotive, and I determined to continue upon it at least for a while longer.

And so on we dashed, still through the dense darkness and blinding snow, as we had been doing so many a long mile. Now and then the engine would jump in its fierce headway on striking some trifling obstruction upon the rails, and my heart would leap into audible action, and to me it appeared at times as though the whole train was going over an embankment to inevitable wreck.

When one of these experiences was more decided than usual, I could not quite suppress an ejaculation, at which my companions would glance at me with an amused smile. Custom had inured them to these occurrences, so that they gave them no heed.

On, on, and still the driving snow storm and the darkness reigned supreme. The stoker fed the fire, and the engineer, watchful as ever, peered ahead. I was perhaps getting to be a little sleepy from the force of the wind and the lateness of the hour, for it was now about midnight, when, fearing to drop to sleep, I rose from a stool on which I had been sitting and determined to change to the passenger cars at the next stopping place.

Just as I had made this mental resolve, there came suddenly a crash at the front window of the engine that sent every drop of blood back to my heart with a sickening thrill. I had time to draw one long breath, when the engineer whistled "down brakes," and shut off steam from the engine, exclaiming:

"Heavens! what is that?" while both he and myself shook the broken glass from our faces and neck, and he still further reversed his engine.

"It's a lantern," said the fireman, picking up what remained of the article which had come crashing in at the window.

"Thrown at us," said the engineer. "That means danger, if it means anything."

In the meantime the train had been brought to a standstill; the conductor had appeared at the side of the locomotive to consult with the engineer; the bell was rung, whistle blown, and gradually we ran backward toward the spot where the lantern had struck us.

We retraced our way for nearly a quarter of a mile, when a man suddenly appeared through the darkness and came to the locomotive.

"Did you throw that lantern?" asked the engineer.

"To be sure I did, and worse luck if I hadn't hit ye!" was the answer that came to our ears with unmistakable Milesian accent.

"Who are you?" asked the conductor.

"I'm the trackman between here and Brandon."

"Well, what's the matter?" asked the engineer.

"The matter is a broken rail, just beyant, as would have sent ye all to glory!" replied the Irishman.

The affair was soon explained. During the winter season the frost often renders the rails very brittle, so that they break under a passing train. In consequence of this liability to danger a corps of trackmen are so placed as to walk over and examine every mile of the northern roads, in extreme weather, after the passing of each train.

Those trackmen are supplied with the ordinary tools for repairing any slight break, and also with a lantern to signify danger when necessary to any incoming train. In the instance to which we refer the trackman had discovered a serious break in a rail just beside a steep embankment and viaduct, one of the most dangerous spots on the route.

In his efforts to repair the danger, by some means his lantern became extinguished. Here was an unfortunate plight. In that sparsely inhabited region there was neither house nor shelter where he could renew the light. His machine he exhausted in vain endeavors to light the wick in so fierce a storm.

Besides, as the man well reasoned, "the engineer, I knew, could not see my lantern if it were lighted, three rods in such a night." The Irishman was puzzled; the lightning express was nearly due; if it struck that defective rail the train would surely be wrecked.

What was to be done? A sudden inspiration struck him. He started and ran like a deer nearly half a mile up the track toward the oncoming train. Already he heard the rumble of its approach as he placed himself on a slight elevation on the side of the track.

On came the train; he could see her signal light, though the engineer could neither see nor have heard him—on, on, thirty miles an hour toward destruction. The Irishman braced himself, and with a swift but careful throw of his unlighted lantern he cast it straight into the engineer's face.

We crept carefully on to the dangerous spot, where a detention of twenty minutes served to mend the track sufficiently to permit the passage of the train, and we once more dashed ahead in the darkness; but I shall never forget that experience upon the lightning express.—*Lieut. Murray in New York Weekly.*

## He Was a Scoundrel.

A German Jew who keeps a pawn broker's shop in Sydney, is blessed with one daughter, who now and then keeps shop while her father attends sales on the Hebrew Exchange. During the temporary absence of old Moses recently, a meek-looking Chinaman walked into the shop and asked Rachel to show him some "welly good watches."

Rachel handed down four from the shelf at the end of the counter, marked respectively, "fifty dollar watch," "forty dollar watch," "thirty dollar watch," and "ten dollar watch," and arranged them in a line on the counter in the order of their value.

John inspected them, and taking advantage of Rachel's momentary inattention, slipped the ten dollar watch into the place occupied by the forty dollar watch and handed over a ten dollar note saying:

"I takee cheapee watchee."

Shortly afterwards Rachel detected the swindle, and sought refuge in tears. On the return of old Moses she related the misadventure with many protestations of concern.

"Never mind, mine tear," said the father, with a dry chuckle, "dose watches were all de same brice—six dollars; but vat a scoundrel dot Schinaman must be, don'd he?"

## Table Etiquette.

She—You shouldn't make a face even when you have found a bad oyster. It shows very bad taste.

He—Yes; I think it does.

## Very Much Put Out

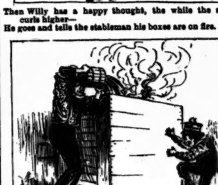
A pack of paper cigarettes is found by Tom O'Hare, Which little Brother Willy knows they will not let him share.

Into an empty packing box then each one helps the other, Tom O'Hare and all the boys, except the little brother.

"Now just you sneak!" says Tom O'Hare, "and don't you stay' dere cryin';
If I git out 'er dis here box, I'll sen' you home a-flyin'."

Then Willy has a happy thought, the while the smoke curls higher—
He goes and tells the stableman his boxes are on fire.

Thus you may see how Willy has a chance to vent his ire,
As on their heads, by proxy, he heaps watery coals of fire.



"You may be old enough," says Bill, "to smoke a cigarette;
But don, you see, I'm smart enough to keep out of dar wet."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Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has saved many a precious life. Croup and Pneumonia are diseases that must be treated promptly, if at all. While you are preparing to call the doctor for your child, your neighbor has cured his little one with a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This medicine should be in every household, especially where there are young children. Taken at the first symptoms, it checks the progress of disease, and cure soon follows.

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"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has had a wonderful effect in curing my brother's children of a severe and dangerous cold. It was truly astonishing how speedily they found relief after taking this preparation."—Mrs. Annette N. Moen, Fountain, Minn.

"I was cured of a sudden and dangerous cough, last fall, by the use of one bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, procured of Mr. V. Allen, of this place. It is the most popular cough-cure in this country."—Agapit Robicheaud, Neguac, N. B.

"I am never without a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house. It is the best remedy for croup that can be had."—Mrs. J. M. Bohn, Red Bluff, Cal.

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**Prompt to act, sure to cure**


## Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, not connected with the work are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

IRENE FOX.—No coupons are enclosed in your studies.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.—Kindly peruse rules and govern yourself accordingly.

BITTER SWEET.—Your second letter just opened. The first was delineated a good while ago. I hope you did not miss it, as I gave it to a lady. You are a little bit eccentric on the "girl."

GAY FRIAR.—An original, bigoted and very sensitive person, prone to dreams, and lacking self-control, constant and tenacious, faulty in judgment and apt to be perverse proud and heroic, but prone to extremes, what is sometimes called a crank.

QUERRY.—You are impatient and vivacious, a trifle self-ish, but more from thoughtlessness than lack of sympathy, tenacious of your rights, fond of home and friends, constant in affection, but chary of its expression, a little careless, sufficiently amiable, with lack of tact, but much good will.

CHICKIE.—You are hopeful, idealistic, and rather given to moods; of faulty judgment, but good heart, rather independent, sometimes prejudiced and lacking discipline and self-control. Thanks for pretty work called SATURDAY NIGHT. They are only what I expected from your goodness.

MIGNON.—You are humorous, hopeful, rather imaginative, a little capricious in affection and purpose, vivacious in manner, rather hasty and impulsive, rather willed, but withal lovable and sweet-tempered. This is a very complex and difficult study, not as all aided by being written on lacy paper.

EVELINE ROSE.—You are gentle, prejudiced, fond of praise and need encouragement to do your best; sometimes secretive and often obstinate, but willing to give up to others; tenacious in opinion and rather lacking in culture, hopeful, sympathetic and discreet enough when occasion requires.

BANSHEE.—Your peculiar idea of putting in capitals where they weren't wanted, rather spoiled your study. Anything trick like that is unadvisable; you are bright, vivacious, painstaking, cautious, but sometimes impulsive, lacking in tact and perseverance, but on the whole much to be expected personage.

DAISIE, CONSTANCE, PRESBYTERIAN AND AGAIN.—Please send a more complete study for each one. Daisie has one capital letter and less than four lines; Agapo, two lines and a half and the same number of capital letters; Constance has lines and one capital letter; the fourth study is more satisfactory, but not what the rules call for.

JESSIE.—Immense energy, fluency of speech, love of social intercourse, persistent and determined action when you desire to attain any some purpose, rather impulsive and exceeding spirit, fond of new scenes and experiences, some self-esteem, hasty and impulsive in likes and dislikes; on the whole, a hearty and lovable creature who would rather wear out than rust.

O. T. J.—There is no strong and energetic side to your character such as I found in your second specimen. Still you should succeed it will be from persistent perseverance, of which you have plenty. I should like to see more may and decision in your lines. You are hopeful, candid and careful, sometimes a little too easily influenced, amiable, but able to avoid being imposed upon. Brace up, my friend, and win.

HUBERT DE BURG.—This is a very peculiar disposition, self-willed, humorous, impatient and insatiable, willy, hopeful, somewhat capricious, very ambitious, perhaps capable of great success, but rather apt to give up trying too soon; careless of appearances, and most unobservant of rules in sending a misquoted verse as a study. The delineation is made from the three lines preceding and the superscribed which provided a number of capitals.

JACK-THE-FAIR-OF-THE-LAND.—Your farrago of vulgar nonsense does little credit to you or to the Great North West. Of course you did not expect a delineation after your would-be smart exhibition of the impudence collum. I regret very much that you considered it permissible to air them in a letter, and hope that time will tone down your wild ill. I fit for the consideration of the graphologist or correspondence editor.

NEVIN.—1. I don't as a rule counsel girls of sixteen to open a correspondence with youths of eighteen. Girls are supposed to be busy enough with their studies, music, etc., and don't benefit by the distraction of a boy and girl correspondence. However, as I know you are a nice girl and very discreet, I don't suppose it will do you any harm to write occasionally to your friend's brother. 2. Your writing has good points, but isn't formed enough for study.

LILLIAN.—This letter comes from New York state. I mention this, as there are other studies under this name. This specimen is most freaky and capricious, though I am sure it will improve with time; good perseverance, lack of tact, impulse and rather defective judgment may it, but these last may be only the faults of immaturity; honesty and candor, as well as excellent power and decision are shown. I feel that this delineation is imperfect, but so is the study, and perhaps the writer will make allowance.

RUTH.—You must not complain if you don't observe the rules, that your letter was not studied. There is a good reason for every rule, and they should be even more strict to ensure good studies. For instance, correspondents should only write on one side of the paper. Your last study could not be better. It shows a rather independent and self-reliant disposition, cheerful, perseverting, constant and amiable; excellent determination, energy, generosity and some sense of humor are also visible. You are discreet and able to take excellent care of yourself; have some sympathy and very good taste.

BRAF SHOT.—The enclosure you rent shows a thoroughly feminine nature, kind and loving, fond of beaten paths and traditions, constant, slightly erratic and impulsive, somewhat inclined to pessimism and very tenacious of her opinions and rights. I do not like a tinge of despondency, but it may be counteracted by a brave and hopeful temperament. I think the subject can show a pretty temper, and she has a cat-like love of soft corners; refinement, self-esteem and discretion are shown. Your own writing is a perfect complement to it.

ADELAIDE.—Your letters were not treated as you assert, with silent contempt; every letter received by me is acknowledged in its turn and your first was not only acknowledged but delineated as you requested. As to suggesting what you would be suited for, I should think you would make a first-rate wife, as you have graces of character such as amiability, patience, tact and sympathy, which would be a blessing in any home. Get a good determined and generous husband, of a pretty disagreeable, and I will wish you every happiness with a light heart.

AUNT ELIZA.—This breezy study shows a good deal of energy and independence for a lady. Hasn't the same strength of an impulsive, carelessness and lack of tact, nature, fond of fun and good living, rather affectionate, very candid, but at the same time cautious; temper good, but sometimes touchy, ideality rather strong, sympathy generous, but judgment faulty. The person to give liberal advice and encouragement, and be very sympathetic and helpful when imposed upon. Would be the better of self-control and is sure to be popular in society.

ATHOLE.—1. You are quite correct in your fancy, my dear lady. I am sorry some of my correspondents don't hit on the same idea! 2. Your writing shows originality, imagination, self-will, and a lack of adaptability, with rather a liking for beauty, ease and comfort. You are fond of yourself (with excellent excuse) and refined and liberal in your thoughts; sympathy, tact and all the infinite possibilities of a womanly woman to be charming are yours if you will take the pains to develop them! Your one curve is bright, clever, fond of company, persistent, rather outspoken, somewhat fond of assuming traits he does not possess, but so likable in spite of his humor that one must forgive him; humor is shown and excellent temper. The compose were all right and studies very interesting.

WILD WEST.—Thank you very much for your frank and amusing letter, which I am afraid scarcely needs a delineation after your suggested fashion. When a study is written as naturally and spontaneously as yours, the matter often chimes with the manner, but I don't generally take time to study the same as I do my specimens unless, as in one case and that of your fellow-countryman, Jack, etc., it is very good or very bad. I shall give you a delineation from the address and signature. Your character is strong and generous, determined in action and liberal in thought, adaptable and original, fond of creature comfort and open to influence, but hard to convince unless tactfully managed. You are constant and affectionate, rather more sympathetic than you care to have known, bright and a little ambitious for your future. May all success attend you, my Wild West friend, and may the spirit move you to write again. It was a little peculiar and very characteristic that you and Jack both signed your proper names.

## A Society to Control Husbands.

Berlin is amused by revelations concerning a society of married women of the upper class in that city. The society's constitution and records were communicated to an editor by a male victim of its method. The society is called The Association of Married Women for the Control of Husbands. The aim of the society is to enable members to prevent their husbands from going on spree or associating with women of doubtful character.

The society employs detectives, who, upon the complaint of a member against her husband, are sent out to watch the suspected man at night and eventually decoy the apprehended offender into a meeting of the association. At this meeting the husband is informed of the proof at hand against him, and he is threatened with exposure in case he does not promise to reform. All but one of the men arraigned by the society in the last year found it expedient to accept a reprimand and reform without uttering a word of protest.

## No Need for Hurry.

Miss Hastings (overtaking Miss Slowboy on the way to church)—Hurry, Tilly, or you'll be late!

Miss Slowboy—There is no hurry, dear. Let me introduce Mr. Bellows, our organist.

## Impregnable.

She (wickedly)—Aren't you afraid of softening of the brain!

He—Naw—had it three times alweady, don't you know—doesn't worry me a bit.


"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

Sleepy.

If a man is drowsy in the day time after a good night's sleep, there's indigestion and stomach disorder.

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## Announcement.

Next week this paper will be enlarged to sixteen pages, from its present size of twelve pages. This change has been found necessary because of the press of advertisements and of matter. For some time we have practically discontinued the publication of correspondence from points out of town, but we now desire to publish each week a page of social news from the towns and cities of Ontario. This will become a feature of the paper. Such news must reach us as early as possible in the week, all names must be carefully written in ink, and everything put in concise form. In addition to the entertaining serial, Twice Lost, now running, we shall commence next week the publication of Joseph Hatton's new story, Under the Great Seal. This story opens in Newfoundland about the time of the American revolution, and the scene shifts to Russia and elsewhere. Don't miss it.

## A Story of Adventure.

Scarabæus, the Story of An African Beetle, by the Marquise Clara Lanza and James Clarence Harvey, is a capital new novel just issued in New York from the presses of Lovell, Coryell & Company. The Scarabæus is a ring of ancient construction with the figure of an African beetle serving where the seal usually is found, the eyes of the insect being two jewels that blaze and burn as though possessed of malevolent life. There is a legend afloat that two such rings are in existence and that if one man could get them both and place them together they would designate a spot where vast wealth had been buried long ago. The owner of the wealth had devised this plan—giving a ring to each of his two sons so that one could not profit without the other. But the brothers died far apart, and one ring floated about Europe and the other remained in Africa. The one in Europe possessed a power for evil and brought disaster upon the heads of those who successively possessed it. One Ravillac and his tool St. Martin got after the ring and murdered its possessor, but in turn lost possession of it to Harold Davidge and Dr. Laird, the heroes of the story. These latter succeed in getting the two rings together and discover the spot, but no sooner have they dug to the treasure than by stratagem they are diverted a short distance from the spot and Ravillac and St. Martin, with a band of natives, make off with a box of jewels. They pursue in hot haste and go through many adventures, finally securing the treasure, but learn later that they overlooked a deeper and greater find, £30,000 worth of ivory, of which, however, they receive a share. In Ravillac the story introduces a most abandoned villain, and his death night is a most artistically handled thing.

## The Drama.

ROBIN HOOD delighted large houses for two nights and special Tuesday matinee at the Academy of Music. No better attraction has been here this year, and the immortal story of the gay robbers of Sherwood Forest was most cleverly sung by a good company. In Toronto Hallyn Mostyn is one of the greatest of comic opera favorites. He was here last year with Agnes Huntington and delighted all with his fantastic make-up and clever by-play as the dragon of war drilling recruits and doing many high and mighty things "for reasons best known to myself." As the Sheriff of Nottingham he is irresistibly funny and ridiculous, and he has now clinched the affections of the Toronto public for all, in the future, he requires. As Maid Marian no more charming presence could be imagined than that of Caroline Hamilton. Her first appearance Monday and Tuesday evenings—she did not sing at the matinee—caused a decided ripple or sensation of pleasure to pervade the house. The infectious vivacity of her manner, her radiant and unrivaled

JENNIE DICKERSON (ALLAN-A DALE) AND ETHEL BALCA (ANNABEL)

smile, her quick grace of gesture, all operated at once to electrify the audience. The company is good without an exception, when the understudies are off, and one of these, Miss Palmer, deserves special mention. Our musical columns contain a criticism of the work done by the chorus and the various individuals.

The Pauline Hall Opera Company in Puritania is at the Academy of Music for the balance of the week and is attracting crowds. It will be treated next week.

•

Sheridan Knowles' play, The Duke's Wife, has drawn well at the Grand this week, with Romeo and Juliet and The Merchant of Venice as alternating pieces. The interest in the first named production was keen because it had not been seen here for a very long time, and by a great many had never been seen. R. D. McLean gave a fine performance of the character of St. Pierre, the great, fearless, loose-living fellow whom Ferrardo employs to do his nefarious work. Barry Johnstone, as Ferrardo, the false duke and villain of the piece, was also polished, very like Lewis Morrison's Mephisto. Marc Robbins is perhaps somewhat new at heroic *roles*, or at all events is deficient in voice and vigor at critical periods. Marie Prescott is, or more properly speaking, has been an excellent actress, but her articulation is now quite inadequate, and the apparent effort with which she speaks spoils the illusion her skill would create. The announcement that this is the farewell tour of the McLean-Prescott combination is heard with regret by a great many who vastly admire McLean in his heroic acting. It is to be hoped that he will not retire from the stage, thereby removing one of the most stalwart figures that adorn it.

•

Rev. Dr. Galbraith has placed Jacobs & Sparrow's under an obligation to him without intending anything of the sort. There is no doubt about it that the sermon against The Clemenceau Case in particular and theaters and plays in general, aroused an interest in this week's attraction at Jacobs & Sparrow's which could never have been created otherwise. The house was jammed every night and at each matinee, the people seeming anxious to determine the merits of the matter each one for himself or herself. For one man who was diverted from seeing the play, five were incited to go and see what the mischief it could be like, anyway. I was present in my line of duty at one performance, and can say with pleasure that my morals were not of such flimsy texture as to take hurt from anything seen or heard. The women of the piece as created by Dumas are possessed of repulsive character but beauteous form. At no period of the performance were my feelings lured into sympathy with the fascinating but false and immoral Lea. By instinct and training she is a wanton. One felt like exclaiming, "What a fair bit of human filth!" There is little doubt but that Dumas intended to serve some good purpose in writing The Clemenceau Case, but outside of Paris the lesson is lost because of its immoral setting. A play which might impart a good lesson in a looser community than this, would have a contrary effect here. Albert Bruning is a good actor, and it will be remembered played Iago to Mantell's Othello.

•

The closing exercises in connection with the School of Pedagogy will be held in the amphitheater of the Education Department on Friday evening, December 16, and will take the form of a literary and musical programme. Hon. Geo. A. Kirkpatrick, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, has kindly consented to be present and preside during the evening. The programme will be furnished by Miss Agnes Knox, elocutionist, Miss Lilli Kleiser, mezzo-soprano, and Mr. W. J. Knox, baritone. The 'Varsity Glee Club will also be present and give several choruses, and possibly the 'Varsity Guitar and Banjo Club, as well.

•

The Pauline Johnson and Owen A. Smily recital will be given next Monday evening in Association Hall, and the well marked plan ensures a large audience. The programme is a most attractive one in itself, but the fact that Miss Johnson will appear in a series of striking and handsome costumes will greatly enhance the interest. The many friends of Mr. Smily will also be glad of an opportunity to hear him in a wide range of selections, and in a dual scene with the Indian poetess. Marcicano's orchestra will supply choice music and it is safe to predict that the audience will be delighted with the programme.

•

Mrs. James Brown Potter and Kyrle Bellew will play Therese at the Grand for the first three nights of next week, and Miss Eva Mountford will produce her capital version of East Lynne at Jacobs & Sparrow's. MACK.

## Art and Artists.

GALBRAITH'S Academy (school of painting, drawing and modeling), to be opened in the Y. W. C. G. building on McGill street, is founded by Mr. F. E. Galbraith, barrister, who is an ardent admirer of art. The school is not opened for money-making, but for the purpose of giving all students, professional and amateur, the opportunity of studying under the best masters at a moderate charge. There will be given during the winter season several silver medals, and the academy will send one of its pupils to Paris yearly, paying the expenses and giving the deserving student one year under the famous Parisian masters. Mr. Galbraith's motto, "For art's sake," is a good one, and as he is seeking to do good for the cause rather than for the sake of the money there is in it, he deserves hearty support in his undertaking. A. H. Reid, R. C. A., and J. W. L. Forster, R. C. A., will have charge of the painting and drawing classes, while Hamilton McCarthy, R. A., will attend to the sculpture department. The school opens on Monday morning.

•

Mr. O. R. Jacobi, P. R. C. A., has on the easel a delightful picture of an old mill near Lennoxville, P. Q., which is pleasing in color, good in effect, full of atmosphere and strongly handled. The railroad now runs through this once picturesque spot and robs it of much of its charm, making the picture in the eyes of connoisseurs doubly valuable.

•

Mr. W. D. Blatchley has returned and looks much better for his trip. He brings back a full portfolio.

•

G. Bruenech, A. R. C. A., has returned from a recent visit to Hamilton, and during his stay disposed of several pictures. His exhibit at Bain's, mentioned last week, will no doubt attract a good deal of attention from art lovers, as there are some fifty water colors in the collection, many of them having been painted abroad, which, to some minds, adds to their color and intrinsic value.

•

J. W. L. Forster, A. R. C. A., has a bit of Mexico in his studio representing a type of young Mexican Indian looking up to the sun; behind him, under an improvised shelter, an Indian woman, with rebosa over her head, patiently awaits a customer for her oranges. It is an effective bit of work, out of Mr. Forster's usual line. The merry mood seen in the eyes of the young greaser is almost infectious.

•

H. Spiers has just finished a capital portrait of the late Sir Daniel Wilson.

•

Mrs. Reid is painting one of those refreshing and charming flower pieces, and we hope to enjoy the treat of viewing it on the wall of the O. S. A. exhibition next month.

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Thanks to the facilities afforded at the Ontario Society of Artists' rooms, King street west, as well as the management of its directorate freely given by a number of Toronto's manufacturers working in co-operation with members of the Ontario Society, a work of real utility as well as taste and culture is being accomplished. This is being done almost without public help, and perhaps no effort for the public weal better deserves general approbation. Notwithstanding the attractions of the free instruction offered by the Technical School, which absorbs a large number of the class of students which might be expected at the Ontario Central School of Art, the membership is this year larger than last, and much improvement is visible in the work. A gratifying fact to note, too, is the success of Mr. Gustav Hahn, one of the teachers, in obtaining the contract for decorating the interior of the new Parliament Buildings in the face of strong competition.

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On Friday evening a meeting of the R C. A. council was held in the office of Mr. James Smith, Bank of Commerce Building, to arrange matters in connection with the Columbian Exhibition. I understand that among those present were Messrs. Brymner of Montreal and Homer Watson of Doon. It is estimated that one hundred and fifty paintings by Canadian artists will be exhibited at Chicago, and that they will be a credit to this country.

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Mr. T. Mower Martin's picture of Indian Summer, representing an Indian encampment on the shore of Lake Huron with the Indians returning from the hunt in the evening of a hazy September day, has been purchased by John Hoskins, Q.C. This picture was originally intended by Mr. Martin for the Chicago Exhibition, and probably the *chef d'œuvre* of his collection.

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Mr. H. M. Russell, late artist of the *Mail*, is making jokes and cartoons for *Grip* and other papers. VAN.

## 'Varsity Chat.

IN parliamentary form those of Vic. the other evening decided in favor of the present system of taxation as against the proposal that all taxes should be on land. Mr. I. G. Bowles was the leader of the Government, and he was supported by Messrs. L. Burwash, Hales and Craig. The Opposition arguments came from Messrs. E. R. Young, Purser, Chapman and Liddy. Mr. H. T. Lewis was the reader for the evening.

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By our footballers Trinity has been routed in all its departments. Arts men, theologs. and meds. have all met with the same fate. Of these events I need not say more, though our boys want to know if Trinity can play marbles.

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The football season is at an end and our sports are directing their attention to winter pastimes. The Hockey Club has re-organized, with the following officers: Hon. president, Prof. Alfred Baker, M. A.; president, Mr. W. P. Thomson, B. A.; vice-president, Mr. Theo. Coleman, B. A.; captain, Mr. W. A. Gilmour; secretary, Mr. Peter White; committee, Messrs. J. W. Gilmour, W. Barr and W. A. Sheppard. The club has entered the series for the Ontario championship, and the interest and enthusiasm in it will be more than local.

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The freshmen became more pleased with themselves on Saturday afternoon last, as in crowds they assembled in the Y. M. C. A. hall to while away an hour or so in music, recitations, speeches, social chat, etc. Miss Tucker, Miss Cameron, Miss Shelling, Miss Cranston, Messrs. Hargraft, W. R. White, Eby, Shaver, Campbell, Gilmour, Perry, Boyd and Merrick took a leading part in the proceedings and their efforts were much appreciated.

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Our meds. will have their annual dinner on Thursday evening next at the Rossin House.

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Mr. W. H. Hargraft, '95, is obtaining considerable notice as a musician and composer.

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Mr. T. E. South will represent the meds. at McGill dinner, Mr. C. W. Taylor at the Trinity dinner and Mr. R. J. Hastings at the Dental.

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Miss Young, Miss Jeffrey, Miss Dowd, Miss Street and Mr. J. H. Cronyn furnished the programme for the Modern Language Club at its last meeting. On Monday afternoon at 3.30 an open meeting on Burns will be held.

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Home Rule for Ireland was given a quietus at our Literary, though it was ably supported by Messrs. Falconbridge and Allin. Messrs. Montgomery and Porter, by their arguments for the negative, won a decision against "the great cause," as our chancellor, Hon. Edward Blake, would say. A reading before the debate, by Mr. J. Brown, was well received, and the chief treat of the evening was an excellent essay by Mr. Harry Biggar on Literary Style.

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Prof. J. Mark Baldwin, by his researches in psychology, brings the university into prominence throughout the whole of North America. What Sir Daniel Wilson was to us in Great Britain, Prof. Baldwin is to us in the United States. He has been appointed a member of the Advisory Council of the World's Fair Congress Auxiliary, which represents the arts and sciences. He is to co-operate with the section on philosophy in organizing an international congress to meet in August next. The appointment is full of importance to us.

•

At the last meeting of the Women's Literary Society music and recitations were furnished by Miss Smart and Miss Coomlie. In debate, poetry was declared to have a greater influence than prose. The speakers on the poetical side were Miss M. L. Robertson and Miss Hamilton, while Miss A. Lindsay and Miss Johnston spoke for prose. Some of the young men will now write their letters in poetry and thus be more influential. They will, however, guard against spondees, as they might give offence.

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A number of the lecturers have addressed a document to the professors, pointing out that they began on eight hundred dollars a year with an increase of one hundred dollars per annum for ten years, but that recently, a lecturer was appointed with an initial salary of fifteen hundred dollars and another gets one thousand dollars. No hint is given as to the ulterior object of the signers of the memorial, but it is stated that they do not desire a raise themselves. They simply direct attention to extravagance (?) ADAM RUFUS.

## Won by a Default.

I WITNESSED a very funny Rugby match the other day. It took place on the lawn of the Harbord street Collegiate Institute, and was participated in by about seven very small boys, apparently ranging in years from five to seven. I give a portrait of the small gentleman who came from a distance to referee the game, through a hole in the fence. In his set he is considered one of the most fearless and impartial of dead game sports in the city.

They were quite as enthusiastic as older players, and tore round the lawn after their very small rubber ball with the wild look characteristic of a Rugby champion. But it was in the scrimmage that they chiefly shone, and their fat little legs kicked, and their fat little hands punched in a truly Rugbian manner. Their "punting" (I believe that is the technical term) was perhaps a little faulty, but on the whole the game went on beautifully and without any of those (to me) senseless cessations when the champions retire and glare at each other, and stand, hands in pockets, to fight over the last point. I wish I could inform you what the score was, but that is impossible, for the game was never finished, as two small boys had a glorious fight, and then both ran home, weeping dismally, to be comforted; while another was ignominiously and unceremoniously marched from the scene of battle by a stern and relentless "big sister."

The game being thus broken up, the rest of the fighters retired, covered with glory and dirt, to publish, no doubt, the result of the contest among their small friends, viz., that they had won by a "default." ST. JUST.

## Social Amenities.

Three small boys sat singing on a fence in front of a row of houses, their boot heels hammering out a fortissimo accompaniment. The air rang with Annie Rooney, Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay, and other classic airs. A little girl with smooth hair and a large white apron came out of one of the houses. She stood on one leg in an engaging manner and made some remark audible only to the leader, who replied briskly:

"Go away in, little girl, go away in; we're doing it to wake your baby. Your mother dumped a flat-iron on the floor this afternoon on purpose to wake ours."

Ta ra-ra-ra, and his boots resumed their cheerful clatter.

"Just you wait till my pa comes home," cried the little girl shrilly.

"That's all right. 'There is a tavern in our town, in our town'—here, youse fellows, hang up your gate-posts and sing out."

The little girl went in and shut the door behind her, while the concert for the audience of one went on with undimmished ardor. PENNY.

## The Millionth Man.

The atheist, roused into a contemplation of his own mental magnificence by hearing his cook leave the house to attend divine service Sunday evening, sauntered into the streets and compassionately viewed the misguided thousands who devoutly proceeded to various places of worship. His feeling was one more of pity than of anger. Few men and no women could be expected to possess a mind so comprehensive and incisive as his. The million are endowed with mediocre brains and consequently cannot project their perceptive faculties out through the intricate cob webs of superstition which sly spiders have woven and kept in repair through the ages. Only the millionth man is equal to the task, and hence the millionth man is an atheist. The faculties of this rare fellow are so comprehensive, his insight so incisive, that he has perceived something impenetrable to the dull mind of the million—he has perceived that "We do not know." This may be true, that may be true, nothing may be true—we do not know. A god-like achievement of the human intellect, truly! But remember, his is the choicest brain among a million and should naturally achieve some such great thing.

This is why he pauses on the street opposite a church and with supercilious pity hears the service proceeding. Deluded people! had they minds of greater capacity he would lead them to the higher ground of intellectuality occupied by himself. He would guide them from the valley of knowledge and certainty and established convictions and truths pillared in the everlasting bed-rock, up to the rarer atmosphere of the mountain tops where "they would not know."

But the million are dull, and the millionth man must be tolerant in his mental immensity, compassionate and pitying; so he pursues his exalted course, studying and reasoning and perfecting his achievement of not knowing.

ZEKE.

## Winter.

*For Saturday Night.*

While autumn dies in faded garb of brown,
Decorated once in rich profusion
Of fruit of every kind, and smiling flowers
Shedding forth their fragrance on the air,
Breathing zephyrs soft in wood and dale—
Old winter nursed within the frigid zone
Breathes with icy breath; now hastening on
Towards the genial south, blighting in its train
Each fern and leaf, rose, and swaying daffodil,
And pink carnation—woman's tender love—
The pensive cowslip, dusty, splendid,
The honeysuckle wild—devoted love—
The elegant and graceful jessamine,
And every flower that decorates the plain
Or grows within the forest's cooling shade.
He breathes upon the silvery lake and deigns
To bind with icy chains its surface wide.
He touches many a purpling rill, where bright
Old Sol like burnished gold sinks in the west.
Lo! now the sturdy woodsman hies away
Treading o'er old winter's snowy mantle
To yon thick forest, where she pine, the elm,
The birch, the hemlock, and the rugged oak
Falls before the stroke of steel and muscle,
Emitting sounds like distant cannon roar,
While white-robed "bunny" on his haunches sits
With ears erect, in silent wonderment.
The shivering cattle, ruminating none,
Together huddle near some sheltering stack
Of hay, or crumbling ruins left by some
Unthrifty settler, who perchance now seeks
Some warmer clime in regions far away.
See how they sniff the air in blank disdain!
Pseudo-venter is his rough intrusion
Of heavy winter, who, with merciless hand,
Impartial in his dealing, strikes at all.
Alas! that thousands of the needy poor
Should stand old winter's cold and biting breath,
Now here, now there, like hunted animals
In search of food and shelter from the storm
And none be found. Ye who have hearts of steel,
And hoarded wealth of silver and of gold,
With tertile acres stretching far and wide,
And barns with plenty filled, and mansions grand,
Where by the cheery fire's evening ray,
Drowsy and unconcerned of all around,
While wreaths of smoke ascending in the air
In hundreds of fantastic nothingness
From unconvex, at, attract th' imagination,
What know ye of the poor? or even care
Though hundreds die of want from year to year,
E'en at your very door. Arise! and help
The honest poor, the maimed, the halt, the blind,
The widow and the orphan. Winter's here!
No longer, then, delay, but start at once
And nurse the philanthropic spirit. Haste!
The hungry must be fed, the ragged clothed,
The homeless lifted from depravity
And helped to bear the weary load of life.
Ye philanthropic few, how blest are ye
Among the sons of men; your sure reward
Is great, both here and in the world to come:
Here, the blessing that's derived from giving,
There, the ecstasy of joy receiving.

JOHN ROWLAND.

## Birthday Thoughts.

*For Saturday Night.*

Chill falls the drear November rain,
And plashes 'gainst the window-pane
With rude and sullen force.
The thirsty earth has drunk her fill,
And many a little, hurrying rill
Speeds onward to the ocean;
And rushing down the quiet street
It seeks acquaintance with the feet
Of every passer-by.
And dragged skirts, and limp dank hair,
Bespeak the feelings of the fair;
As upward to the sky
Their glance is raised, in vain to view
A glimpse of the celestial blue;
A single ray of light,
From out the dull, despairing sky;
Wild, weeping, wailing, ceaselessly,
Six days, from morn till night.

Was such a deluge ever seen?
I marvel, could it thus have been,
On that November day,
When my young soul came here to dwell?
Is there no gladdening ray
Of hope, that I may quick return
A welcome spirit, to that bourne,
From whence God sent
My untried soul to battle here,
'Gainst sin and sorrow, doubt and fear,
And pride, and discontent?
Like infant to the "district school,"
Where first it learns the simple rule,
By which to live or die;
From thence to college, and, again,
To fit for wider spheres 'mongst men,
The university.

Thus we, our upward way must gain
Through toil and trial, grief and pain,
Ere laid beneath the sod.
Through weariness and woeful strife,
The soul attains the higher life,
The paradise of God.
Thus thought I, as I toned my lay
On this, my dreary natal day,
The rain in torrents fell.
A letter in my hand is placed;
The characters are plainly traced,
By Gustave A. Rondall.
"My autograph," with pleasure, yes,
The trouble's nothing. Could I less,
Solicited by thee?
Th' leaden clouds no ray impart,
Yet there is sunshine in my heart
When someone thinks of me.

CLARA E. HOUGHASTLER.

## Hunting Song.

*For Saturday Night.*

Tally ho! Tally ho!
Blow, cold north wind, blow!
Carry far by the crimson west
Echoes of the huntsman's blast!
Sing, south wind, in murmure sweet
The song of the horn and the horses' feet,
Tally ho! Tally ho!
Over the valleys white with snow,
Sleeping their sleep the mountains below!
Over the rills, and the ice-bound mill
Of the hillock's verge where an eagle's nest
Hangs on a rock by the breezes kissed!
Tally ho! Tally ho!
Fir-tree ring with thy silver cones
The hunter's song, while the north wind moans
'Twesn thy swaying branches in dulcet tones!
Tally ho! Tally ho!
Set free the hounds! with frantic bounds
They long to away to the hunting grounds.
The quivering dead with nostrils wide,
Inhales the gust from the mountain side,
And champs and frets, by the hill repressed
From dashing away to the snow-clad glade.
With merry laughter and many a jest,
Now for the chase! Away! Tally ho!

H. CAMERON WILSON.
Brantford.

## Morning.

*For Saturday Night.*

Another day is born, time's latest child
Smiles upon us through the purple haze
Which glorifies these calm autumnal days.
How sweet your breath, O lovely season wild,
And hearing storm cloud will not have defiled
This beauteous countenance on which I gaze
Ere mid-day comes. It seems too short a space
To change entire a temper now so mild,
And so we look upon our little one and sigh,
To think that they, e'en with a mom so fair,
In spite of all our loving care may find
The storm-cloud early rather in their sky,
And lightnings blight them with their cruel glare,
As lightnings of a late worse than unkind.

Burk's Falls. J. SHELBY.

## Between You and Me.

SOMEONE said something about depraved taste the other day, which was the provoking cause of a large discussion as to what is the standard of good taste. We came to the conclusion that there was none. Suitability would not quite meet all requirements, though it is a strong test which might be studied to advantage by scores, while refinement only skimmed the cream of the case, so to speak. And from arguing over good and bad taste we came to the consideration of depraved taste, with various curious instances thereof. There is a young lady doctor whom I know very intimately who enjoys having her teeth pulled; another pretty creature is so fond of coal oil that it is banished from her home to keep her from turning herself into a peripatetic coal oil can. A most delightful water color artist confessed his delight in a London fog. He is never in better health than when encircled by the yellow nastiness. A man in the West End (glad I don't even know his name!) eats Epsom salts with relish and impunity. I have a near relative who should pair with him on the matter of taste depraved, for she is extremely partial to castor oil, or rather was, in her bib and tucker days. A dozen other instances, just here in Toronto, of unheard, of departures in gastronomic, millinery and art departments have been handed in by the victims or their friends, until I begin to think depraved tastes are the rule instead of the exception. A very musical and artistic dame who confesses a strong weakness for brimstone and treacle is about the funniest of the lot. She must entirely miss the true inwardness of Nicholas Nickleby's experience at Dotheboy's Hall!

*

The most amusing part of the discussion was the utterly unsuitable personality of the people to their tastes. But one sees that every day. The man who paints the gruesome picture at which we gaze and shudder is never a bloodthirsty-looking friend; no! he is "bonnie, blithe and *debonnair*," with a sweet smile, a gentle manner and a musical voice. The woman who can petrify a too presuming snob is generally stout and sweet and smiling; the parson who is most mild and reasonable is the giant in black—and the one who raises the hair of sinners is generally a whiffet of a thing, who looks as if a good puff of wind would carry him away. Small women are almost always tenacious of their utmost right to consideration, and everyone knows the tyranny and despotism of the squirming baby. The excuse sometimes made that "you are not built that way" is really no excuse at all. You are much more likely to succeed if you are built the other way. Dudes go into battle, and surprise the world by their coolness in the face of death; small women confront burglars, yell when threatened if they make a noise, hang on with a death grip to the wriggling load of profanity until the police arrive, or chase him swiftly through the streets in bare feet and *robe de nuit*. And thinking folk like you and me shake our puzzled heads and murmur the old saying of the uncertain parent over little defunct Johnnie, "you can't most always generally tell!"

*

I had a lovely letter from the lady editor of the *Irish Cyclist* the other day, all about wheels and wheeling. Miss Beatrice Grimshaw is one of the very fastest riders I ever saw, and she drives her wheel through rain and mud and wind and darkness in a way to make some of our riders gasp. She nearly killed me one day, when, for the honor of Toronto, I tried to keep up with her. She writes me that the season of that ideal cycling club, the Ohne Hast (take it easy) has begun. The jolly rendezvous, the ride out into the Wicklow hills, the chattering circle swarming into the old farmhouse, the busy eaters of slim cakes and butter, and currant buns, and generous cups of Irish tea, out of two great tea-pots, that are forever journeying back and forth to the kitchen to be filled up afresh. The cluster round the fire; ah! then the true delight begins of a ride with the Ohne Hasts. Stories fly round, wit caroms from every corner, laughter bubbles from every merry mouth, sides ache with mirth; in all of fun-loving Ireland there is no more exuberantly funny crowd than a cycling club! It was sweet summer time when they took me out, and we missed the after-gathering round the fire, but we strolled across the fields to the funny little Dodder river, and chased the calves, and took a tour of inspection round a lovely little brick snuggery, which the club were to buy for their very own quarters, and we gathered glorious bouquets of white roses, think of it! Mossy buds and fragrant full-blown flowers, which trailed all over the quaint house where the honeysuckle had not secured first place. And after the sunset, we came racing back to Dublin in the sweet, late even fall, that midsummer twilight which no one can imagine, in its tender, mysterious beauty, but which one must see to comprehend, over hard, respectable roads, between green hedges, and through dim lanes, which were the source of much uneasiness to Lady Gay, but which the Ohne Hasts know by heart, in all their twistings. *By heart!* They know everything that way. God bless 'em! It's just all heart they are!

*

One reads sometimes in the papers reports contradicted of the death of some soldier, or sailor, or traveler, and thinks but little of the matter. But just fancy how the contradiction looks to those who love and mourn the reported dead. I had rather a strange experience of how they feel once. A heart friend, one of those in the inner sanctum as it were (only my inner sanctum is so big!) was ill, and after some weeks a mutual friend sent me a paper with a paragraph of regret at his death. There was a blank in a corner of the sanctum, and a hatchment over the door, and time went on, leaving only a gentle regret and a dear memory. One day at a summer resort, I sat idly watching the traffic from steamer to shore, when I was scared (no other word expressed it, not glad nor surprised, only scared,) to see a pale shadow of my friend come slowly off the gang plank. He evidently didn't know he'd been dead and I didn't tell him then, but last night I did, and a silence full of comprehension fell over us for a moment after his first healthy, hearty expression of surprise. And I wondered, if it was so good to feel his warm handshake and meet his merry friendly glance and hear his voice in the old confidential chat, here, in this distracting, incomplete and unsatisfactory world, *what must it be* to meet others—"over there, where they are waiting, and we, God willing, are going, and it was a very serious and solemn fit that came over me, I assure you!

LADY GAY.

## Individualities.

Over twenty-eight thousand people visited Robert Burns's cottage at Ayr last year.

Lady Colin Campbell has translated from the French a manual of toilet advice, designed, and to a considerable extent really likely, to be useful in the care of person.

General Custer, who was killed on the plains fighting Indians, was a great believer in music. He thought it helped school-boys with their tasks and lightened labor always.

Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, the genial Ike Marvel, whose Reveries of a Bachelor and Dream Life were the delight of all readers forty years ago, is still living, at the age of seventy, on his beautiful Edgewood farm, two miles from New Haven, Conn.

Fred Douglass learned to play the violin when a slave, and has not forgotten how to handle the bow. Sometimes even now, when young people gather at his house in Washington, he is induced to accompany a pianist with his fiddle.

The Queen Regent of Spain has decorated the Duke of Veragua, a descendant of Columbus, with the Order of the Golden Fleece. The duke is coming to the United States next year, as the guest of the nation, to attend the Columbian Exhibition.

The Bishop of Fulda, in Germany, is a man marked for misfortune. The other day he received seven thousand marks due him as arrears of the "bread basket fund," accumulated during the Culturkampf. The next night burglars stole the money.

The Empress Eugenie devotes two or three hours of each day to writing her memoirs, but so sensitive is she about her work that she allows no one to look at her manuscript, and has made special arrangements that her book shall not be published until she has been in her grave twenty-five years.

Miss Jessamine Harte, the daughter of the author of The Luck of Roaring Camp, is not only a pretty woman, but inherits her father's strong love of character-study, and shares his talent for hitting off distinct and fresh types in a few strong lines. Bret Harte is said to have high expectations of her literary future.

There is no haste with Madame Rosa Bonheur when finishing off a picture. She has had for some time on her easel a new work, 'Horses Threshing Corn." It is the most important picture that she has attempted for some years past, and when completed it is destined for an American millionaire, who has paid $60,000 for it.

Telephone operators in Belgium, many of whom, as in other countries, are girls, are required, now that the government has absorbed the business, to pass an examination in Flemish, French, German and English. They must have also a good knowledge of geography, and be able to draw a complete map of Europe.

A. L. O. E. (A Lady of England), the lady whose stories have had so great a popularity, and whose real name is Miss Sarah Tucker, is expected to be seriously ill in India. She went to that country as a missionary and she was over fifty years of age, and now, at nearly sixty, she is so badly broken down by the climate that her recovery is doubtful.

Queen Victoria has long been studying Hindustani, which is quite right and proper for the Empress of India to do. She has made such progress that there will shortly appear in an English magazine translations by her in that language of a letter she once wrote to the Shah of Persia, and of another one she addressed to the English people after the death of the Duke of Clarence and Avondale.

Dr. De Witt Talmage, on his recent visit to Russia to distribute flour among the starving Russian peasants, was cordially received by the Czar and Empress and was introduced to their hale and happy family of children. He says that the Empress is "a June morning," and the Czar a vigorous, happy, sensible man, much beloved by his people, and that many of the stories told of his fears of assassination are absolutely without foundation.

Mrs. Gladstone is said to be as much entitled to be called the "Grand Old Woman" as her husband is to be known as the "Grand Old Man." Although nearly eighty-one years old, she writes many letters to her friends without the aid of glasses, for her eyes are bright and undimmed. While at Hawarden she attends church, three quarters of a mile away, every morning, driving there and back in her little pony carriage, unattended. Mr. Gladstone goes too, but he prefers to walk.

The whimsicalities of the German Emperor seem to be unlimited. Not long ago the male performers at the Imperial Opera, in Vienna, who by a special agreement had been permitted to retain their mustaches, were forced to sacrifice these appendages because the Emperor was to attend a performance, and he was known to be a stickler for the proprieties. More recently he has seen fit to object to the engagement of Frau von Brandt, the German ambassador at Peking, to an American, on the ground that German diplomatists should not marry women not of their own nationality.

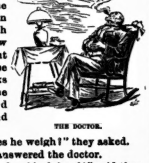
One of the most expert of chess players is Prince Andre Dadion of Mingrelia, a member of the royal family of Russia. He learned the game when a mere child, and at the age of fourteen years won the highest praise from Barnes, the English master, who was one of his strongest antagonists. The Prince is now forty-two years old, and in his lifetime has played successfully with champion Steinitz and other well known experts. He has a remarkable memory, and has won games while blindfolded, but is opposed to playing without sight, as he considers it injurious to the mind. With his skill on the chess board the Prince combines thorough culture, and speaks six modern languages.

## People of Yesterday.

*Being a Reminiscent Gossip About a Purely Fictitious Village.*

BY MACK.

IT IS surely most fitting that in such a series of papers as this I should begin with the family doctor, for was he not the first to accost me in this world? A deep debt of gratitude impels me to give the doctor precedence over all whom I would honor here, for you may as well know it was the doctor who found me and allotted me a home. That estimable woman, my grandmother, in response to my childish enquiries explained the entire mystery to me with cautions to speak of it to none, as it was the kind, good doctor's desire not to have his deeds made the subject of gossip. It seems that one beautiful September morning, when all earth slept except the birds and the fishes and the angels up in the air, the doctor was awakened by a little bird at his window who told him to arise and follow and it would show him where there was a teeny-tiny baby all alone and crying. So he arose, followed the bird and came to the village mill-dam, and there he found me sitting in the cup of a pond-lily with my little toes dipping and splashing in the water, just as happy as could be. I hadn't a thing on me at first, but, seeing this, a squirrel had swum out and put a nutshell on my head for a cap, and a mother-robin had bitten off a pond-lily leaf and wrapped it around me like a baby blanket, just as warm and cosy as anything. Before taking me away in his satchel the doctor asked the birds how I came there, but they did not know and were trying to guess, when up spoke a little, quiet bird that hadn't said a word before, and it (after kissing the book, I suppose) testified that it had risen early that morn with a toothache, and saw an angel fly down and put me on that lily and then fly up as hard as it could pelt for fear it would hear some bad boy swear. You know if an angel hears a bad boy swear it cries for seven days. Well, the doctor took me with him, and in passing through the village he saw smoke coming out of our stove-pipe and knew our folks were up, so he called and asked them if they wanted a little baby boy.



THE DOCTOR.

"How much does he weigh?" they asked.

"Ten pounds," answered the doctor.

"Is he white-head or black-head?" said they.

"White head," said the doctor.

"Is he good-looking?" said they.

"Looks are only skin deep," replied the doctor, "and you shouldn't care about such things. But he'll be a good boy, for an angel brought him down from the sky."

"We'll take him," said they, and so the doctor took me out of his satchel, plumped me down on a chair by the stove and away he went.

The remarkable developments in electricity and certain other scientific discoveries of recent years would seem to throw at least a shade of discredit upon this story of my origin, but I would believe my grandmother's word and the village doctor's word in preference to that of all the moonstruck scientists in creation. What do *they* know about angels, and do you suppose a bird would talk to one of them? No, sir! I wouldn't say three words before the scientist would grab it and cut it open to see what it was talking with. He would have its larynx sealed up in a jar of alcohol in five minutes. That's what they are like—they spoil everything God makes to see how he makes it. When Mars in a neighborly way drew near recently, they tried to lay the greedy fingers of their comprehension upon that beautiful orb. Down with knowledge and facts and up, up with love and faith! Let us hang our savants and sages and install our dear grandmothers in the chairs of logic, anatomy, philosophy, theology and all the other 'ics and 'ologies in all our universities and colleges and schoolhouses, and then we shall hear by day and night the rustling of angel and fairy wings, and life will be a poem of peace and love and innocence!

But the doctor.

He was continually doing works of philanthropy, such as bringing little boys and girls around to the houses in his satchel. He was pretty fair about it, too, showing favors very seldom, but he seemed to have had a falling out with the village blacksmith, for he brought him none, although he left an awful lot at the wagon-maker's next door. I liked the doctor, although I used to sometimes think that he might have left me somewhere else, where I could have had more candies and hand sleighs and toy guns. But I couldn't think of any other house where I liked the people so well as in the one where he had left me, so contentment came to me. We used to tease a neighbor's boy whom the doctor had found in a hollow tree in January, but it was my private opinion that it was a pretty mean angel that would bring a boy down into this country in the winter time, anyhow. That one episode considerably modified my opinion of angels.

The doctor was the great man of the village, but one day a student came to town and opened up an office. I did not know at the time what a student was, but I gathered from the conversation of my elders that he was a lunatic for one thing, and a scoundrel whom all honest men should shun, for another thing. I watched a long time for a glimpse of the maniacal villain, and when finally he appeared I knew he was even worse than I had supposed, for he came out of the village hotel, which all good children thereabouts had been taught to regard as the worship-house of the devil. Those were animated days in the village, for the blacksmith got in the student, and the Caseys and the Adamses got him in, and I then learned from the ex-tied talk of my grandmother that these people were using that student, that idiot, that execrable scoundrel whom I had seen coming out of that awful hotel—these people were actually using him as a doctor! It was profane. It was madness. Somebody ought to be arrested. Those people would all die—the villainous idiot would poison them—not that it wouldn't serve them right when they could have called in the kind, good doctor to look at their tongues and give them some hot senna in a saucer. That student ought to be run out of town—my grandmother said so, and everybody's grandmother came in, out of breath, with dancing eyes, and said so.

Do you know what that student did? He met the good old doctor on the street and he had the impudence to speak to him, but of course the doctor walked right on and never looked at him. And then he did another thing which I myself saw, and which my grandmother saw and said she never would forget until her dying day—that student walked into church on Sunday as though he owned the place and sat down four rows in front of the doctor. He took out his hymn-book and bible, the hypocrite, and sang as though he wasn't afraid the sacred building would fall in and crush him. Grandmother was all of a tremble, and, as she herself confessed afterwards, did not get one bit of good from that service, although it was specially intended to impart grace to the aged. And then, when meeting was over, the preacher—with eyes each as big as the headlight of an engine, I saw him do it—came down and shook hands with that student. And so did the class-leader and my Sunday school teacher and others whose gray hairs I had been wrongly taught to honor. Well, the doctor never went to church again so long as that preacher was there, nor did my grandmother, nor did anybody's grandmother. I used to think the student had made the church as bad as the hotel.

It was strange how some very nice people forgot the kind old doctor and got thick with the student—but the student was not married and these people had daughters old enough to marry, and (would you believe it) daughters whom the doctor had taken around in his satchel and left at those very houses. Such is gratitude!

One day we heard that the doctor had taken suddenly ill and was confined to his bed. He would scarcely allow anyone to see him—just a few grandmothers. For two years he lay there, and then one morning he jumped out of bed and moved away. Some said that nothing ailed him but wounded vanity at losing his practice to the student; that in fact he ate roast beef like an English farm pupil, and had been seen by a neighbor night after night and hundreds of times walking around his little garden, smoking his pipe or cigar.

After my grandmother died I found out that that student was a real doctor, like the other one, only newer and younger. Students are doctors to the same extent that eggs are hens. A little practice hatches them and a little time entitles them to a place on the professional roost. It is not for me to say that some of them are addled.

### Wise Jones.

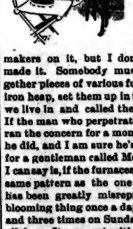
"I think," said Brown, "I'll print my poems and sketches in book form, for the sake of what it fetches."

"Forbear," cried Jones. "There's neither pay nor honor in it,
You'll live to curse the day that you begin it—
Why man alive! as well your brain-work take,
As once, and throw it in *The Lake!*

ZEBE.

## Adventures With a Furnace.

*Those Tales about African Jungles are Tame Reading alongside This.*



"I think," said Brown, "I'll print my poems and sketches in book form, for the sake of what it fetches."

WE'VE got a furnace in our house and I wish we had not. It isn't a new one by any means, and furnaces must have been scarce when the landlord put it in, or else he took it for a debt. It has the name of a firm of furnace makers on it, but I don't believe they ever made it. Somebody must have gathered together pieces of various furnaces from a scrap iron heap, set them up in the cellar of the house we live in and called the collection a furnace. If the man who perpetrated this horrible joke ran the concern for a month afterwards, it's all he did, and I am sure he's now shoveling coal for a gentleman called Mephisto in Fauss. All I can say is, if the furnaces down there are of the same pattern as the one we have, the climate has been greatly misrepresented. I've lit the blooming thing once a day right straight along and three times on Sunday, because I am home all day. It goes out with a cheerfulness which I wish my small brother would imitate when he is asked to run over to the grocer's for something I've forgotten to order. The draughts are a perpetual mystery to me. There's an affair at the back that pulls out and shoves in and is supposed to make some difference in the fire's intensity. It doesn't. I've tried it out as far as it will go, half-way out, and jammed right in, but the fire goes—out, no matter how it is. Then the grate! I've seen other furnaces. Some have a self-dumping grate, others a slide in the bottom to pull back and forward so as to let cinkers out; in others the grate is on hinges and drops down for the same purpose. This one has all these things and more. It slides, is a self-dumper, comes down on hinges, and as if this weren't enough, falls completely into the ash pan or the place where the pan ought to be. All these improved features are exhibited without any apparent effort on my part. I go to take out the ashes after I've got the thing going finely, and my shovel catches on some concealed spring or other and the whole business goes off and lets my good fire down round my feet. Last Sunday I'd lit the concern the usual number of times, but hadn't either shaken or raked it for fear of the dumping process, and on Monday morning it was black as usual, but full of coal to the level of the door. Now was the time to take advantage of all the improvements. I monkeyed round the bottom until I found a lever of some sort, and giving it a yank down she came. I didn't want all the stuff to come out, so after about half had rolled down I gave the business a lift up to stop the flow. Next thing I knew the whole bottom of the furnace, slide, dumping-grate and all, was down amongst the ashes. That settled it. I'd had enough of that furnace and vowed I'd go down and clean out the entire institution whose name was on the door. Mind you, I didn't believe they ever made it, for they are still in business and making money, but I had to have satisfaction out of someone. There is a limit to human endurance, even in the matter of furnaces, and I had reached it. I would have satisfaction, be the consequences what they might. This was before breakfast. After a good cup of coffee, such as my mother makes (that will please the old lady, sure), a half-hour walk and a good morning's business, my feelings became calmer and I didn't go to see the furnace people. Instead, a noble resolve took possession of me. I would conquer that furnace or die amidst its ruins, and I went to bed that night with a determination to get up at six and get that grate back in position. I got up and in the early darkness crawled on my hands and knees into the ash pit and found out how the thing was held up, got it back and lit the fire. Of course it went out with its accustomed regularity, and still continues to do so. I'm rapidly becoming a profane person, but I let that grate alone and keep my eyes open for concealed dumping-levers and spring-clinker businesses. I know the infernal furnace is full of them and you can never tell when they might go off. Spite of all this and bad as the furnace is, there is one thing I'm glad of, there is no ash pan in the concern.

The man who first made an ash pan for a furnace will get a warm corner in the furnace regions if he gets what he deserves. To begin with, they never fit, the ashes always go over the sides when you shake the furnace, and you've got to shovel out just about as much as you get in the pan; you forget to empty the concern before you shake hot coals into it and the handle gets hot, the pan is long and about evenly balanced, and as the ashes always go to one end when you drop the hot handle, the other end is away up in the air when you finally start for the yard with it. You hold it away from you to keep your pants as clean as possible and bunt into everything within a yard of you, spilling "here a little and there a little," and getting more profane inwardly each step. You can't swear out loud and ease your feelings, that would ruin your reputation, so you just keep on steering for the back kitchen door and swearing softly to yourself. Once outside, the wind catches the loose end of that ash pan, and from a cloud of coal ashes and profanity there emerges one of the maddest men that ever owned a shattered reputation. No, our furnace hasn't an ash pan—there are plenty of improvements without that—and I sha'n't kick about it to the landlord. I did once when I was younger and got the ash pan, or I couldn't have written so feelingly. There are a number of concealed morals scattered through this story, just like the springs and levers in our furnace, and quite likely you'll find them but the moral of it all is, be sure you know how to run the furnace in a house before you rent it. Previous knowledge of other furnaces doesn't count. Our furnace is labeled all right but it's only a collection of *bric-a-brac*. The bricks are the only good thing about it.

THE BOY.

### Never Satisfied.

Mr. Newlywed—And what is this, dear?
Mrs. Newlywed—Why, that is your beer, Henry! I heard you say you always liked it cold so I've kept cracked ice in it for over an hour.—*Puck.*

### Definite.

Irate Caller—Is the editor in?
Office Boy—No.
Caller—How soon will he come in?
Office Boy—As soon as you go out.

# The Heart of a Statue.

Under the spell of mystical tales and of the eventful history of the past, I became, in early childhood, a victim to that love for antiquity which touches youth as with the silencing finger of age. At the ancient times sleep in the forgetfulness of the present busy world, so, in my childish mind, never awoke a wholesome interest in the activities of to-day; and so, too, as this tale will show, has this influence put into an unwaking sleep of mystery all that my life held dear. How fortunate, I thought, that a safe age for traveling and sufficient means came together! How differently I think now!

In my twentieth year, I left home to visit in body the scenes through which print had enabled my mind to rove. With the details, the discoveries, the delving joys of my fifteen years' tour, this narrative has naught to do; but in a seemingly trivial incident of my sojourn in the upper valley of the Nile, it has its fateful beginning. One wanders through that lovely vale, in which the many monuments seem but detached parts of the skeleton of a gigantic past, as a dreamer, and now, in the shadows cast by the events I am to relate, it, indeed, floats in my memory as the frightful visions which throng a sleep induced by an oriental drug.

One day, toward the close of my wanderings, I stood before the white rock-hewn temple of Abou-Simbul, or Abu-Simbel, in Nubia, gazing in rapt meditation upon one of the huge stone figures which for two thousand years have quietly sat by its portal. It was my second visit to the place, charmed back by the face of this one figure. Originally there were four colossi, two on each side of the entrance; but the upper portion of the one next the door on the left has broken and slipped away. This fragment, I may say, is strikingly noticeable here, for the ancient tomb is wonderfully preserved. The carvings are so sharply outlined and so fresh that, gazing upon them at those places which show that the work was suddenly discontinued, one is almost deluded into the belief that the sculptors are only away at their meal, or enjoying a holiday, and will soon resume their labors.

It was the serene face of the companion to this shattered statue which had charmed me back from Alexandria. It was more beautiful than those still preserved on the other side of the entrance, and on my first visit I had stood for hours trying to analyze its expression and to fix in words what state of mind it showed. I had returned to solve the puzzle, and as I stood there it seemed to me that I caught a change in its ancient countenance, as if longing for its companion had touched its stone heart. Whether this was my imagination, wrought up by years of reading and delving into the obscurities of antiquity, or whether it was erosion of the elements, certain is it that the face, which had lured my interest, haunted my sleep and intruded upon my study, was changed. I felt that it could not be the latter cause, for the climate of Egypt is highly preservative. Relics transported to other climates have speedily crumbled. This figure, with hands resting idly by its side, had sat unchanged through twenty centuries; certainly, in the two months between my first and second visits, the elements could not have altered the lines of its quiet face.

As I thus in perplexed enquiry, studied the face of Ramesses, a movement near the ground caught my eyes, and looking down I saw an Egyptian leaning against the ankle of the broken statue. Seeing that I noticed him he immediately advanced and silently waited until my scrutiny ended. His dress, which showed him to be of the higher class, consisted of a striped silk *kuftan*, or vest, extending to his ankles and held to his waist by a fine muslin girdle. Over this was the *gibeh*, or outer coat, of fine texture, and upon his head was gracefully wound a beautifully figured turban. He was probably fifty years of age, sternly dignified in bearing, and as I looked upon his bronzed face I felt my eyes instinctively to the statue's countenance above me, and started, amazed at the likeness.

He smiled a moment, and throwing the long, slit sleeves of his *kuftan* from his right hand, he reached toward me a small oval casket. Upon my enquiry as to what it was, he spoke with a reverent motion and pointed upward at the stony face. Asking his meaning, he replied in his own tongue, which I will translate:

"Allah be praised, I have made this casket from a stone fragment of the broken image. It had broken from the place in which it was in the heart. As I examined the piece, lo! I discovered a small opening, and as I scraped the stone I found it led into a tiny hollow into which Nile moisture evaporated from the last overflow had collected. I cut carefully around this hollow, leaving a thin wall of stone, thus forming a little casket. The strange artificial of the fragment I fashioned this box, inlaying it with the devices you see. I now offer it for sale to you as a curious relic of the. This hand of this, the most wonderful of the monuments of the valley. I call it the heart of the statue, and it still holds the liquid. Besides the curiosity of it, it has a potent charm, which I know not. I have examined all the writing and I find no light, but I fancy its potency must in some way influence the affections—a quite likely thing, for you must know that Ramesses the Strong and Great built the tombs in memory of his love for his wife Nefertari."

He slipped the lid from the basket and disclosed a tiny bottle, gracefully shaped and elaborately carved, resting in a bed of peculiar reeds from the Nile. The strange artificial caught my fancy as a souvenir of my rambles, then nearing their close, and I bought it. The Egyptian bent to me with an oriental salutation, returned to the ankle of the statue, repeated it, and disappeared into the temple.

My parents and a young brother having died in my absence, no one welcomed me home but my sister Agnes, whom I found winning and beautiful far beyond her girlhood promise. She lived in the sombre homestead, and I, too, expany save a long-trusted woman servant, and I saw, with satisfaction, that my return had brought light into the gloom of her life. From the extreme loneliness of the old home, and from the fact that all but one of the few friends of my early manhood were scattered or dead, my visit promised little pleasure. How fatefully different from even this promise was the result! Immeasurably better would it have been had I dreamed on amid the tombs of the past!

The only remaining friend mentioned was Foster Marlow, the most lavishly gifted young man, mentally and physically, I had ever known. He was one of those rare persons who have no fault except it be that of perfection. Handsome, vivacious and witty, his companionship, apart from my sister's loving attention, was the brightness of my home-coming. Soon after I learned what, both grave and gay, had happened in my absence, and in him I found my most attentive listener to my adventures in ancient lands and to the wonder-tales I had gathered.

One evening—how terribly is that evening branded upon my memory! It was a soft June twilight, when Marlow came to the house. The air was cloyed with the roses and honeysuckles that clambered over the house, and heavy with that summer languor which impelssome natures toward the mournful in life. I saw at once that he was despondent when he entered. He sank into an easy-chair by the window and sat silent for a long time, with his head in his hands, while I, in a similar way, sat from him, watched the moonlight effects among the ivy leaves upon the eastern gable. It was not the first time I had noticed this cloud upon his sunny nature, but it seemed now to have shut out all the light. Few men are so despondent over a general weight of trouble—Marlow was oppressed by one particular grief. I did not obtrude a question, but waited until he chose to speak, which was not long delayed.

"Andrew," he said, raising his head, "you do not know what unrequited love is, do you?"

"No," I answered; "do you?"

"Know it," he repeated, gripping his hands—a movement which the diffused moonlight showed me; "I know nothing else now."

"Do you know that your love is unrequited," I asked, "or have you only a lover's fear that it is so?"

"I know it only too well."

"And the lady?" I ventured, yielding slightly to a spirit of jollity; "is she so handsome, so charming, so talented, so everything lovely, that a man like you, Foster, can not seek elsewhere?"

He glanced quickly, with the air of a determination to confide. It was a peculiar look he wore and one which I interpreted only too fully afterward. But changing his mind, upon reflection, he reclined again in the chair, and responded:

"All men may not think so, but I do, Andrew, I believe you would, too. No other woman in this world can be to me as—as she is."

"Won't you tell me all about it? Perhaps I may help you, and the telling may cheer you."

He hesitated a moment, then answered:

"No, not now. I am too blue. I will tell you all again."

"Well then, what can I do to cheer you? It is no use reminding a man of your convictions of the old adage of the fish and the sea. Do you think it would help drive away your mood if I tell you a strange thing that happened to me at the tomb of Abou-Simbul, in Nubia?"

"Perhaps it would. Please try it."

In my effort to chase him I entered minutely into the details of the incident at the tomb, and concluded with a fanciful speculation as to the charm which the Egyptian said the liquid in the bottle possessed.

"Suppose," I said, "it really is one of the old philters we have both read of. Suppose one drop of it placed on the brow or the palm of your adored one should cause her to love you. Would you try it?"

"No, I would not. I want her to love me of her own will."

"On the other hand, suppose that a drop of it placed on your palm or your tongue would drive the love for her from your heart or bring about some remarkable transformation, would you try it then?"

He looked up at me, and I saw desperation settle upon his face as he answered:

"I don't know. I'm afraid I should be greatly tempted. It seems to me sometimes that I would do anything to escape the torture I now suffer. But, of course, this is all supposition. I am interested, though, in the occurrence. Have you the casket here?"

I lighted the gas and took the casket from my oak cabinet. Sliding off the lid I handed it to Marlow, who gazed curiously at the little bottle in its bed of Nile rushes. He lifted it out and examined it closely in this light, remarking on the skill displayed in its carving and the strangeness of the fact that it was made from the heart-stone of a statue.

"The idea at least is odd," he said, as he placed it on the table, "that this liquid should be impregnated with the longing of that broken statue for its old place by his other's side. But turn out the gas again, please, and let us sit in the dark. It accords so much better with my feelings."

I complied, and we resumed our chairs. How despairingly I remember now the despondency into which he sank. I was at a loss to know how to entertain him. I thought of some merry tale to read to cheer him and to avoid the possibility, which came fearfully to my mind, that he might be desperate enough to try the power of the liquid. I turned my head toward the book-case in a far corner, trying to decide upon the story for my purpose.

I could have sworn that there was a moment, when I felt a sudden change in the air, not a chilliness or a heat, but a difference in the air—the difference between the air of one place and another. Then I became aware that a soft odor was stealing into the room, and with that quickness which the sense of smell darts the memory into the past, my mind recognized it as the faint odor I had detected in the Nile valley. Then, shudderyous of the spell, I turned to ask Marlow if he had noticed it, when, with a startled cry, I leaped from my chair, for his place by the window was vacant. The window was clearly outlined, with a square of moonlight upon the floor, illumining the damask curtain and glistening from the gilt fastenings.

But clearly and certainly as I saw this and the vacant chair, there rose between me and it, like a transparent veil, the towering white tomb of Abou-Simbul, with the broken statue by its portal, and beside it the perfect one upon whose face was the unsolvable expression. I could but look upon it, spectral, visible as I had often seen it in the soft moonlight of the valley. And as I looked, from the ankle of the broken statue I saw the same Egyptian, in his striped *kuftan* and flowered turban, walk forward and look at me. A smile of derision seemed to play over his swarthy face. With a low bow, then, he turned and vanished into the door of the tomb, and slowly the vision faded, leaving me standing in the dark room, gazing bewildered upon Marlow's vacant chair by the lighted window.

Recovering from, as from a dream, I lighted the gas and looked around. Marlow had vanished; his hat was still upon the table, while on the floor, by the side of his chair, stood the little bottle. It had been constructed to right itself upon a fall, and I found it still held some of the liquid. I stood a moment, tempted to toss it through the window; but reflection showed me the necessity of keeping it, for the conviction was now fixed in my mind that Marlow, hopeless in his love, had deliberately risked the charm and had been transported, perhaps beyond recall, to some mysterious region.

Who was the woman he had loved, whose coldness had driven him to desperation? He had never told me. Was it my duty to find her and tell her what had happened to him?

These queries kept me meticulous, and only the thought that possibly he had run from the room in his agony, or even jumped from the window, roused me to hopeful action. I hurried around into the grounds, and in the moonlight looked for footsteps under the window, but found none. Still influenced by hope, I ruished to his home, but was told that he was not there, and had not been since early evening. The little doubt still remaining was then speedily driven away by a chilling recollection of the vision of the towering walls of Abou-Simbul and of the hated Egyptian.

I had grown to love young Marlow, and the following days were dark with a grief which was sharpened by the perplexities of my position. I suffered alone, for Agnes had gone away to visit a schoolmate in a neighboring city. The news of Marlow's disappearance had spread rapidly and widely, and I soon learned that suspicion was directed toward me. I had previously known that, because of its sombreness, our house was looked upon with ill-favor by those prone to superstition, and that, because of my long absences and of my absorbed interest in the lore of the ancient lands, I myself was regarded with distrust. Suspicion naturally tends towards such a man, so that I was not surprised to know that upon the law officers Marlow's father was urging a search of our house and my arrest.

Under these circumstances, I decided to invite Marlow's father and the district-attorney of the county to my home, show them the bottle, and fully explain the occurrence. Toward evening of a day just a week after the disappearance they came, and I had them shown into my study, from which the charm had spirited my friend. Just as I began to tell my strange story, I was summoned to another room, and there I found Agnes in distress. She had just returned.

"What is this," she asked, "about Mr. Marlow's disappearance?"

"He has been charmed away," I replied scanning her face in some wonder.

"But how!" she demanded.

"Come with me into the study. I am about to tell it all to the officers who are here to arrest me."

"Andrew!" she cried, with increased agitation, "this is horrible. What is this charm? Where is it? Tell me—tell me."

I caught the hands extended imploringly toward me, and wishing to know if her emotion sprang from my own peril or from the fact, which I had suddenly come to fear, that she was the woman Marlow had loved, I asked:

"Agnes, do you know the woman whom Marlow loved?"

"Know her," she repeated—"know her? Yes—yes, I know her well."

"And why did she not love him? He was desperate in his hopelessness the night he tried the charm. Has she told you why?"

"She has not told me why she did not love him," she answered, with an effort at restraint, "for she loves him with all the devotion of a woman's heart. She is desperate about it. It was a misunderstanding between them. It will kill her."

"You must go to her and tell her of it gently," I said, believing now that Agnes's emotion was but sympathy for her friend and deep sorrow for this woman, who had grown dizzy in dreadful days, welling up.

"If she knows how he has gone," Agnes said, "she will come to you and demand to know where your devilish charm has sent him. It is a judgment on you for meddling in these unhallowed studies. If you know where he has gone, you must tell him yourself will compel you. I—but where is the charm? Show it to me. Give it to me that I may go to her and let her go where he is. She will not be denied. She will risk anything to be with him. Where is it?"

With great difficulty I pacified her and induced her to go with me to the study. Her outbreak had set me doubting again. Could it be that it was Agnes poor Marlow had loved? I shuddered at this new horror—the tragedy I had brought into her life. Why had I not remained and died in the East!

We found Marlow's father and the district-attorney impatiently waiting. By a strange chance, Agnes took the chair Marlow had occupied at his fatal night. I noted with a look of desperate determination and censure, which pained me beyond words, she fixed her large eyes upon me. The shadows were falling quietly as I began my story. How fitting it was they should fall then. I saw disbelief growing upon the faces of the two men. Concluding, I took the stone casket and, handing it to the attorney, told him to examine it. He and Mr. Marlow complied incredulously, and then they returned it to me, and I had placed it on the table, I said:

"You do not believe me?"

"I do not, for one," answered Mr. Marlow, "and I shall demand an examination of these accursed premises. The body of my murdered boy will be found here."

"And I do not believe this wild tale," echoed the district-attorney. "We will have the place thoroughly searched."

"Gentlemen," I cried, "I do not wonder at your unbelief. It is natural. But there is one way to prove my assertions. That is for me to put myself voluntarily under this charm. Let it spirit me away. My unwitting instrumentality in bringing about this terrible calamity has made my life unbearable. If you say so, I am ready."

The two men looked enquiringly at each other, and I waited a few moments. Then I turned toward the table to take up the bottle, determined to make the sacrificial proof; but, with a scream of terror, I sprang toward the window, for Agnes was already raising to the bottle toward her lips. Before I could prevent, some of the liquid was upon her tongue, and, with an eager cry, "I come, Marlow, I am coming!" she vanished from my sight.

Instantly the same change I had felt before stole into the air of the room. The two men uttered a terrified cry, and in the fading light of the evening the three of us stood looking at the vision of the tomb of Abou-Simbul towering up, with the broken statue seen it, with the broken image at the door, and its companion wearing the same serene look it had maintained through many centuries. From the foot of the shattered one again walked the Egyptian, and with a mocking bow he turned and disappeared. Then we looked at the statue and tomb faded away, leaving us standing in the darkness of a night which, to me, has never gone.—*Howard M. Hoke in The Argonaut.*

## A Nice Manager.

"Why, Jeremiah Brown! Is this you alive and in the flesh?" exclaimed Mrs. Brown, as her husband returned from a short railroad journey.

"Why, of course it's me; ain't this the time when I said I'd be back?" said Mr. Brown rather huffily.

"And you ain't been in no accident and got killed!"

"Do I look as if I was dead?"

"And you ain't lost your legs and both arms, Jeremiah?"

"No, I ain't."

"Nor even one leg or one arm or an eye?"

"No."

"And you ain't so much as got hurt enough to go to the house and not work for a few months?"

"How many times have I got to tell you there ain't nothing happened?"

"Well, you do beat all! There you went and paid a dollar for an accident insurance ticket just before you left, and you haven't done a thing to make any money out of it. A whole dollar wasted for nothing! And you might just as well have made ten thousand dollars if you'd only got killed! Nice manager you are!"

## Sure Death for Both.

I once saw a challenge to a duel issued and accepted, and the time, place, and weapons nominated. The affair, however, did not come to any issue. It was in Deadwood, some years ago, and the two men who were to have been the principals had been sparring at each other for many days. One of them was a consumptive-looking young fellow from somewhere east, and of course was held in much contempt by the old-timers. In some indefinable way, however, many of these seemed to have a kind of respect for him, as on one or two occasions he had given some evidence that perhaps, after all, he was not to be laughed at. He was to these semi-admirers an unknown quantity, and they were all anxious for some opportunity to present itself in which he would show what he was made of, yet not one of them cared to furnish the knock-down.

The man who did the snarling was, perhaps, the only man in the select clique that hung around the saloon where the quarrel took place who did not believe that the tenderfoot had any nerve, and he never missed an opportunity to intimate as much.

On the night in question the two men had been unusually spiteful, and it was a cinch that there would be trouble before the daylight broke. Finally the old-timer made a remark to the other that there was no mistaking. It meant business. The young fellow heard it, and without moving a hand announced to the other that he had a proposition to make. The crowd was in the right humor, and the boy was allowed to go on. He said that he was a tenderfoot. He was aware of it and he felt sorry, but he also said that if the other would give him a show he would fix him.

The man at what was considered a remarkable proposition. He asked his antagonist to lay aside his gear, to make no play, but to issue him a challenge to battle royal. He had, he said, conscientious scruples against being the aggressor in a quarrel, but he was perfectly willing to do the square thing. After much parley the big fellow agreed to the deal and the challenge was issued. The boy at once accepted it, named guns as the weapons, the saloon the place, and the time right then.

But the condition upon which the duel was to be fought was the remarkable part of it. It insisted that if it and his opponent should stand face to face, with the toes of their right boots touching. Their guns were to be in their belts, and as the word they were drawn and fire. There could be only one result. It was a daring proposal, but whether it was a bluff or not was never known. The other apologized, and it was agreed that it was that the terms became partners. But no one in Deadwood ever again intimated that the young fellow was lacking in nerve. He showed that he had pluck.

## Means of Self-Destruction.

Morbyd (member of the Suicide Club)—I have selected strychnine.

Gluemy (another member)—I have decided to use a parallel.

"A parallel? What's that?"

"I don't know, but it's fatal. The newspapers are always speaking of the deadly parallel."

## Natural.

"Parker, the poet, has twins."

"I'm not surprised. He always was daft on couplets."

## Experience has Proved It.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of pulmonary consumption, but it completely restored use health and vigor could be fully restored.

## Still Uncertain

"I am to be married on the 16th," said Maud.

"To whom?"

"Can't know. Harry wants me to elope with him, but I am engaged to George."

## Delicate Women

who wash, can use **Surprise Soap** for washing clothes with great ease and comfort to themselves;

There's no boiling or scalding needed.

Here's the experience of a delicate woman:

TORONTO, ONT.

ST. CROIX SOAP CO.,

*Dear Sirs,*—I heard a great deal about Surprise Soap, so I thought I would give it a trial. I was delighted with the results. I would recommend all delicate women to use it as it does half the work for us.

Before I used Surprise I could not do my washing in one day. Now I get done easily clean up. It is splendid.

MRS. S. STEPHENS.

Actual use is the best test of **Surprise Soap.** Don't get it again if it does'nt please you the first time, but it will—it always does.

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Every householder interested, as extra accommodation can be made in Library, Parlor, Sitting-room, Office or Hall.

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Show proofs. No deviation to anyone. Students invited. Orders from old negative at the same rates, because of ticket peddlers.

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**BEST FAMILY TRADE**

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When purchasing, ask your grocer for those Brands. It takes the Name and Royal Leaf is on every can and bottle, which are guaranteed.

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In 50 and 100 lb. boxes.

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Special Brand, the finest which can be made.

**EXTRA GRANULATED**
Very Superior Quality.

**CREAM SUGARS**
(Not dried).

**YELLOW SUGARS**
Of all Grades and Standards.

**SYRUPS**
Of all Grades in Barrels and half Barrels.

**SOLE MAKERS**
Of high class Syrups in Tins, 2 lbs. and 3 lb. each.

## Poultry.

Rev. T. S. Brooke, pastor Central Presbyterian Church, Clarksburg, W. Va., U. S. A., says: "I saturated a piece of yeast bread, the size of the end of your thumb with St. Jacobs Oil and forced it down the throat of a chicken that was in the last stages of the disease. I repeated the dose immediately, and in half an hour it was eating heartily. The next day I repeated the dose and again on the fourth day. In less than a week it was as well as ever. Finding that all my chickens were effected I shut them in the henhouse, giving them nothing to eat until 2 p.m., then mixed up some corn meal dough, and poured into it enough St. Jacobs Oil to make it smell strongly, and giving them nothing but plenty of fresh water for about an hour, I then turned them out. This I repeated every alternate day for a week. I saw no traces of the cholera afterwards, but my flock was in a healthier and generally better condition than it had ever been." All raisers of poultry use it.

## The President's Decision.

Some years ago a moondam brigand chief was raised to the Presidency of Bolivia. He was noted for his long, shaggy hair and beard, on which he never bestowed the slightest pains.

On the day of his election he had to attend mass in obedience to the usual custom, and a barber was called in to comb and dress the matted hair and beard of his excellency.

When the tedious and painful operation was over an official came in to inform his excellency that there was a criminal sentenced to death and awaiting execution, but that it was customary for a newly-elected president to commute the sentence into a lighter one.

"Well, and what other punishment am I to give him?" enquired the president, still smarting from the recent operation.

"Whatever your excellency may please."

"Then let him have his hair combed and have done with it," was the reply.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cures sick headache.

# ATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste

FOR CLEANING THE TEETH

"SOLD EVERYWHERE"

## Jelland's Voyage.

Well, said our Anglo-Jap, as we all drew up our chairs round the smoking-room fire, it's an old tale out yonder, and may have spilt over into print for all I know. I don't want to turn this club-room into a chestnut stall, but it is a long way to the Yellow Sea, and it is just as likely that none of you have ever heard of the yawl Matilda, and of what happened to Henry Jelland and Willy McEvoy aboard of her.

The middle of the sixties was a stirring time out in Japan. That was just after the Simonoseki bombardment, and before the Boshin affair. There was a Tory party and there was a Liberal party among the natives, and the question that they were wrestling over was whether the throats of the foreigners should be cut or not. I tell you all, politics have been tame to me since then. If you lived in a treaty port, you were bound to wake up and take an interest in them; and to make it better, the outsider had no way of knowing how the game was called. If the opposition won, it would not be a newspaper paragraph that would tell him of it, but a good old Tory, in a suit of chain-mail, with a sword in each hand, would drop in and let him know all about it in a single upper cut.

Of course it makes men reckless when they are living on the edge of a volcano like that. Just at first they are very jumpy, and then there comes a time when they learn to enjoy life while they have it. I tell you, there's nothing makes life so beautiful as when the shadow of death begins to fall across it. Time is too precious to be dawdled away then, and a man lives every minute of it. This was the way with us in Yokohama. There were many European places of business which had to go on running, and the men who worked them made the place lively for several nights in the week.

One of the heads of the European colony was Randolph Moore, the big export merchant. His offices were in Yokohama, but he spent a good deal of his own time at his house up in Jeddo, which had only just been opened to trade. In his absence he used to leave his affairs in the hands of his head clerk, Jelland, whom he knew to be a man of great energy and resolution. But energy and resolution are two-edged things, you know, and when they are used against you, you don't appreciate them so much.

It was gambling that set Jelland wrong. He was a little dark-eyed fellow with black curly hair, and three quarters Celt I should imagine. Every night in the week you would see him in the same place, on the left-hand side of the croupier at Matheson's *rouge et noir* table. For a long time he won, and lived in better style than his employers; then he came a turn of luck, and he began to lose so that at the end of a single week his partner and he were stone broke, without a dollar to their names.

This partner was a clerk in the employ of the same firm, a tall, straw-haired young Englishman called McEvoy. He was a good boy enough at the start, but he was clay in the hands of Jelland, who fashioned him into a kind of weak model of himself. They were forever on the prowl together, but it was Jelland who led and McEvoy who followed. Lynch and I and one or two others tried to show the youngster that he could come to no good along that line, and when we were talking to him we could win him around easily enough, but five minutes of Jelland would swing him back again. It may have been animal magnetism, or what you like, but the little man could pull the big one along like a sixty-foot tug in front of a full-rigged ship. Even when they had lost all their money, they would still take their places at the table, and look on with shining eyes when anyone else was raking in the stamps.

But one evening they could keep out of it no longer. Red had turned up sixteen times running, and it was more than Jelland could bear. He whispered to McEvoy, and then said a word to the croupier.

"Certainly, Mr. Jelland; your check is as good as notes," said he.

Jelland scribbled a check and threw it on the black. The card was the king of hearts, and the croupier raked in the little bit of paper. Jelland grew angry and McEvoy white. Another and a heavier check was written and thrown on the table. The card was the nine of diamonds. McEvoy leaned his head upon his hands and looked as if he would faint. "By God!" growled Jelland, "I won't be beat," and he threw on a check that covered the other two. The card was the deuce of hearts. A few minutes later they were walking down the Bund, with the cool night air playing upon their fevered faces.

"Of course you know what this means," said Jelland, lighting a cheroot. "We'll have to transfer some of the office money to our current account. There's no occasion to make a fuss over it. Old Moore won't look over the books before Easter. If we have any luck we can easily replace it before then."

"But if we have no luck?" faltered McEvoy.

"Tut, man, we must take things as they come. You stick to me and I'll stick to you, and we'll pull through together. You shall sign the checks to-morrow night, and we shall see if your luck is better than mine."

But if anything it was worse. When the pair rose from the table on the following evening, they had spent over five thousand pounds of their employer's money. But the resolute Jelland was as sanguine as ever.

"We have a good nine weeks before the books will be examined," said he. "We must play the game out, and it will all come straight."

McEvoy returned to his rooms that night in the agony of shame and remorse. When he was with Jelland he borrowed strength from him, but alone he recognized the full danger of his position, and the vision of his old mother rapped upon her in England, who had been so proud when he had received his appointment, rose up before him to fill him with loathing and madness. He was still tossing upon his sleepless couch when his Japanese servant entered the bed-room. For an instant McEvoy thought that the long-expected outbreak had come, and plunged for his revolver. Then with his heart in his mouth he listened to the message which the servant had brought.

Jelland was downstairs and wanted to see him.

What on earth could he want at that hour of the night? McEvoy dressed hurriedly, and rushed downstairs. His companion, with a set smile upon his lips, which was belied by the ghastly pallor of his face, was sitting in the dim light of a solitary candle with a slip of paper in his hands.

"Sorry to knock you up, Willy," said he. "No eaves-droppers, I suppose?"

McEvoy shook his head, he could not trust himself to speak.

"Well, then, our little game is played out. This note was waiting for me at home. It is from Moore, and he says that he will be down on Monday morning for an examination of the books. It leaves us in a right place."

"Monday!" gasped McEvoy. "To-day is Friday."

"Saturday, my son, and 3 A.M. We have not much time to turn round in."

"We are lost!" screamed McEvoy.

"We will soon be if you make such an infernal row," said Jelland harshly. "Now do what I tell you, Willy, and we'll pull through yet."

"I will do anything—anything."

"That's better. Where's your whisky! It's a beastly time of day to have to get your back stiff, but there must be no softness with us, or we are gone. First of all, I think there is something due to our relations—don't you?"

McEvoy stared.

"We must stand or fall together, you know. Now, I for one don't intend to set my foot inside a felon's dock under any circumstances. D'ye see? I'm ready to swear to that. Are you?"

"What d' you mean?" asked McEvoy, shrinking back.

"Why, man, we all have to die, and it's only the pressing of a trigger. I swear that I shall never be taken alive. Will you! If you don't, I leave you to your fate."

"All right. I'll do whatever you think best."

"You swear it?"

"Yes."

"Well, mind, you must be as good as your word. Now, we have two clear days to get off in the yawl Matilda. It is safe, and she has all her fixings and plenty of tinned stuff aboard. We'll buy the lot to-morrow morning, and whatever we want, and get away in the night. But first we'll clear all that is left in the office. There are £5000 in the safe. After dark we'll get them aboard the yawl and take our chance of reaching California. There's no use hesitating, my son, for we have no ghost of a look-in in any other direction. It's that or nothing."

"I'll do what you advise."

"All right; and mind you keep a bright face on you to-morrow, for if Moore gets the tip and comes before Monday, then—" He tapped the side pocket of his coat, and looked across at his partner with eyes that were full of a sinister meaning.

All went well with their plans next day. The Matilda was bought without difficulty, and though she was a tiny craft for so long a voyage, had she been larger two men could not have hoped to manage her. She was stocked with water during the day, and after dark the two clerks brought down the money from the office and stowed it in the hold. Before midnight they had collected all their personal possessions without exciting suspicion, and at two in the morning they left their moorings and stole quickly out from among the shipping. They were seen, of course, and were set down as keen yachtsmen who were on for a good long Sunday cruise, but there was none who dreamed that that cruise would end either on the American coast or at the bottom of the North Pacific Ocean. Straining and hauling, they got their mainsail up and set their forestaysail jib. There was a slight breeze from the south-east, and the little craft went dipping along upon her way. Seven miles from land, however, the wind fell away and they had to spend a rising and falling on the long swell of a glassy sea. All Sunday they did not make a mile, and in the evening Yokohama still lay along the horizon.

On Monday morning down came Randolph Moore from Jeddo, and straight for his offices. He had had the tip from someone that his clerks had been spreading themselves a bit, and that had made him come down out of his usual routine; but when he reached his place and found the three juniors waiting in the street with their hands in their pockets, he knew that the matter was serious.

"What's this?" he asked. He was a man of action, and a nasty chap to deal with when he had his topmasts lowered.

"We can't get in," said the clerks.

"Where is Mr. Jelland?"

"He has not come to-day."

"And Mr. McEvoy?"

"He has not come either."

Randolph Moore looked serious. "We must have the door down," said he.

They don't build houses very solid in that land of earthquakes, and in a brace of shakes they were all in the office. Of course the thing told its own story. The safe was open, the money gone and the clerks fled. Their employer lost no time in talk.

"Where were they seen last?"

"On Saturday night they bought the Matilda and started for a cruise."

Saturday! The matter seemed hopeless if they had got two days' start. But there was still the shadow of a chance. He rushed to the beach and swept the horizon with his glasses.

"My God!" he cried. "There's the Matilda out yonder. I know her by the rake of her mast. I have my hand upon the villains after all."

But there was a hitch even then. No boat had steam up, and the merchant had not patience to wait. Clouds were banking up along the haunch of the hills, and there was every sign of an approaching change of weather. A police-boat was ready with ten armed men in her, and Randolph Moore himself took the tiller as she shot out in pursuit of the becalmed yawl.

Jelland and McEvoy, waiting wearily for the breeze which never came, saw the dark speck which sprang out from the shadow of the land and grew larger with every swish of the oars. As she drew nearer they could see also that she was packed with men, and the gleam of weapons told what manner of men they were. Jelland stood leaning against the tiller, and he looked at the threatening sky, the limp sails, and the approaching boat.

"It's a cage with us, Willy," said he. "By the Lord, we are two most unlucky devils, for there's wind in that sky, and another hour would have brought it to us!"

McEvoy groaned.

"There's good softening over it, my lad," said Jelland. "It's the police-boat right enough, and there's old Moore driving them to row like fury. It'll be a ten-dollar job for every man of them."

Willy McEvoy crouched against the side, with his knees on the deck. "My poor mother! my poor mother!" he sobbed.

"She'll never hear that you have been in the dock, anyway," said Jelland. "My people never did much for me, but I will do that much for them. It's no go, Mac. We can chuck our hands. God bless you, old man! Here's the pistol."

He cocked the revolver, and held the butt towards the youngster. But the other shrunk away from it with little gasps and cries. Jelland glanced at the approaching boat. It was not more than a few hundred yards away.

"There's no time for nonsense," said he. "Your—is, mamma, what's the use of flinching? You swore it!"

"No, no, Jelland."

"Well, anyhow, I swore that neither of us should be taken. Will you do it?"

"I can't! I can't!"

The rowers in the boat saw him lean forward; they heard two pistol-shots; they saw him double himself across the tiller; and then, before the smoke lifted, they found that they had something else to think of.

For an instant the storm broke—one of those short sudden squalls which are common in these seas. The Matilda heeled over her sails bellied out, she plunged her lee rail into a wave, and was off like a frightened deer. Jelland's body had jammed the helm, and she kept a course right before the wind and fluttered away over the rising sea like a blown piece of paper. The rowers worked frantically, but the yawl still kept ahead, and in five minutes it had plunged into the storm wrack, never to be seen again by mortal eye. The boat put back and reached Yokohama, with the water washing half-way up to the thwarts.

And that was how it came that the yawl Matilda, with a cargo of five thousand pounds, and a crew of two dead young men, set sail across the Pacific Ocean. What the end of Jelland's voyage may have been no man knows. He may have foundered in the gale, or he may have been picked up by some canny merchant-man who stuck to the bullion and kept his mouth shut, or he may be still cruising in that vast waste of waters, blown north to the Behring Sea or south to the Malay islands. It's better to leave it unfinished than to spoil a true story by inventing a tag to it.—*A. Conan Doyle in Harper's Weekly.*

### Always Ready.

Suwaroff, Russia's great military commander, was a little man, insignificant in everything but that intuitive power of mind and character with which physical strength is never to be compared. He had been sickly in his youth, but became hardy under the stimulus of cold bathing and a plain diet. Buckets of cold water were thrown over him in the morning, and his table was furnished with fare which guests would fain have refused, but dare not, lest he should think them effeminate. He despised dress, and delighted in drilling his men in his shirt-sleeves, sometimes with his stockings literally down at the heel.

But his hardihood of life and action had its effect on the men he commanded. He was often up and about by midnight, and would salute the first soldier whom he saw moving with a piercing cock-crow, in commendation of his early rising.

In the first Polish war he had given orders for an attack at cock-crow, and a spy in the camp carried the news to the enemy. The attack, however, really took place at nine o'clock on the evening when the arrangement had been made; for Suwaroff, suspecting treachery, had then turned out the troops, his well known crowing. The enemy, expecting the event in the morning, were entirely unprepared, and fell easy victims to his forethought.

"To-morrow morning," he said to his troops, on the evening before the storming of Ismail, "I shall be up and dressed myself, say my prayers, give one good cock-crow and capture Ismail."

It was hardly possible to find Suwaroff off the alert.

"Do you never take off your clothes at night?" he was asked.

"No," said he. "But when I get lazy and want to have a comfortable sleep I generally take off one spur."

### Meeting Her On Her Own Ground

Landlady—No, this room has no fire, but the last gentleman always left his door open and said it was well heated from the hall.

Prospective lodger—It won't do, then. I had a friend who once occupied a room heated from the hall, and it was so hot he got the brain fever. I

(But the landlady had fainted.)

### A Great Discovery.

Policeman (to corner statue)—Move on, now!

Corner Statue—Say, you must think you've discovered perpetual motion.

### New Facts About the Dakotas

is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

### Brother Gardner on Fishing.

"Yes, I knows dat sartin people goes a-fishin' an' nebber has any luck," said Brother Gardner in the Lincklin Club library the other afternoon, "but I reckon it's dat own fault. Gwine a-fishin' am jest like gwine a-courtin' or anything else—you's got to be guided by certain rules. I ze knowed men who would tramp twenty-seven miles arter a rabbit an' not say a word if dey missed him, but de worry name men will git mad if dey goes a-catch a fish width five minits of de time dey frow in a hook.

"I'ze de fust place, when I has made up my mind to go a-fishin', I goes out in de garden arter supper an' digs de bait. While I am diggin' I spits ober my left shoulder and keeps de right eye a leetle squinted up. Dat does dat fur luck. I puts dat bait away under a cherry tree fur de night. In case yo' hain't dun got a cherry tree, den put it in de shade of de smokehouse or under de cornerib. Arter I gits to bed dat night I tries to re'ckolect all de mean things I ever did, an' hope I won't be forgiben fur em. If I'ze had a jaw wid de ole woman, I sorter crawfish an' let her know dat I'ze sorry.

"When I gits up in de mawnin' I takes keer to git out o' bed wid de right fut first. If I'ze got a hole in de heel of one of my stockin's I pulls dat one on fust. Some folks puts a piece of red rag in each shoe, but I dunno as dat does any pertickler good. Arter breakfas' I kiss de ole woman good-bye, whistle to de dawg, and sot out fur de creek, carryin' my fishpole on my right shoulder an' keepin' de left eye squinted up. When I reaches de creek I takes off my coat, hitches up my suspenders, an places de bottle o' cold tea in de shade. Den I rubs de fishhook wid a wishbone token from de breast of a black rooster. Den I puts on de bait, spits on it fo' times, an' de fishin' begins."

"An' yo' catches a whopper," said Pickles Smith, who was an attentive listener.

"Boy, doan yo' be in a hurry," chided the old man. "Noody should be in a hurry when he goes a-fishin'. Dat's de reason folks can catch mo' fish—dey am in too great a hurry. I trow in my line wid a sort o' silent prayer dat I may catch de biggest fish ever pulled outer dat creek. I doan 'spect he's right dar waitin' to bite. I wait about half an hour an' den pull up de hook to see if de bait am all right. Some times I pull it an spit on it agi'in. An hour goes by."

"An' yo' hain't dun got no bite?" queried Pickles.

"Boy, does yo' think dem fish was a lot of idiots? Reckon dey am gwine to gobble dat bait right down afore dey swim around an looks at it an' makes up deir minds? Not much! Fish hain't erected dat way. An hour goes by."

"An' no bite!"

"An hour goes by. I embellishes myself wid some cold tea an' den takes a smoke. Plenty of small fry around dis place, dey knows what I'ze arter an' doan bodder me. Two hours goes by."

"An' no bite yit!"

"Two hours goes by. Dat big fish I wants is down de creek to see his relashuns. Mo' cold tea; mo' smokin'. I begins to feel sleepy. I spits on de bait agi'in, an' rubs a buckeye on de line. Three hours goes by."

"Fur de land's sake!" gasped Pickles.

"Boy, you has got to curb dat impatience or yo'll nebber cotch no fish!" replied the old man as he turned on him. "Fo' hours goes by. I spits on de bait agi'in an' rubs de pole wid a rabbit's fut. Den I falls asleep wid my arm around de pole. Dat was 'bout noon. When I opens my eyes agi'in it was jest sundown."

"Ho! An' hook de fish?"

"Wasn't nary fish on de hook."

"An' yo' didn't dun cotch any?"

"Boy, yo' am de mosse' aggravatin' puson I eber did see! In de fust place, dar was only one big fish in dat creek. In de second place, he was gone away. I reckon he cum back 'long in de arternoon, but I was asleep an' he would not take advantage of me. No, I didn't cotch no fish, didn't eben git a nibble."

"Den—den—"

"Den what? I doan see anythin' so mighty strange 'bout dat. Nobody dun goes a-fishin' to cotch fish. He jest goes to enjoy hisself an' recuperate de system. Somebody look in de jug an' see if dar am any mo' of dat root beer left."—*New York Sun.*

### Change in Time for New York via Erie Railway.

You can leave Union Station, Toronto, at 12.50 p.m., arrive in Buffalo at 5.55 p.m. and leave Buffalo at 7.30 p.m., arriving in New York at 7.30 next morning, which makes this train two hours faster than ever before. You can also leave Toronto at 11 p.m., connecting with the Erie fleet at Buffalo, which is a solid vestibule train through to New York.


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by the warm and comfortable

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**An Umbrella does not fill the bill**

for, even if one does not leave it in the street car or somewhere else, it is always in the way.

**A Rubber Coat won't do**

for it is positively dangerous to be folded in the clammy embrace of an air-tight waterproof in cool weather, and then the odor is so intensely disagreeable!

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## Music.

THE College of Music held a thumping house on Thursday of last week, when Mr. Paul Morgan made his *debut* in Toronto. This gentleman is the new teacher of the violoncello at the College and showed himself a finished artist. He played a varied and exacting programme, and displayed a fine, sonorous tone, tempered with great delicacy and sympathy. His interpretations are characterized by great taste and artistic elegance as well as unquestionable intellectuality. Mr. Morgan seems to strive higher than mere virtuosity. He was ably assisted by Mr. H. M. Field, who played most delightfully, showing especial versatility in his fine rendition of the Schumann Carnival. Miss Norma Reynolds gave an effective rendering of Robert Toi Que J'Amie. By the way, I am glad to be able to say that Mr. Torrington, who has been ill for some time, is recovering very nicely, and is now able to be about his duties at the College of Music.

•

On Tuesday afternoon I went to the Academy of Music to hear Reggy De Koven's opera of Robin Hood. I was sorry to find that Miss Caroline Hamilton was not on the bill, as I had heard great accounts of her beauty and singing, and any cloud of doubt overhanging my impressions of Robin Hood may perhaps be charged to this account. I found Robin Hood one of the most beautifully staged comic operas that has ever been in Toronto. The dresses are elegant and tasteful, the foresters' costumes being especially handsome. The chorus is a splendid one, bar one tenor, who had a most terrible cackle in his voice. We have not in the last ten years had an opera chorus on the stage that sang with the precision and business-like crispness that is shown by this one. Its shading was excellent, and its whole singing was significant with alertness and confidence. I take my hat off to Mr. Herman Perlet for the excellent work he has shown with these people.

•

The music is good, and generally cleverly worked out, but there is little that one will carry away and whistle next morning. De Koven's well known O Promise Me occurs in the second act, but whether it belongs to the opera or is merely an interpolation I cannot say, probably the latter. The only other songs that had any of that peculiar power that causes them to stick in one's memory, were two that fell to the lot of Will Scarlet, the Tailor's Song, and the Armorer's Song. Yet there were numerous pretty effects throughout the opera. Several madrigals, excellently conceived and cleverly worked out, showed that Mr. De Koven had thoroughly grasped the traditional spirit of the age he wrote of. The Bell's of St. Swithin was another happy effort, while the Tinker's Song was an excellent piece of characteristic writing. In his finale the composer is terribly weak and entirely Offenbachian.

•

As I have said, it was my misfortune not to hear the principal, Maid Marian. Miss Ethel Balch, who sang the part on Tuesday afternoon, is a pretty little girl, with a very sweet and fresh young voice. She is a little careless in her vocalization, but disports herself in the neighborhood of high C's with charming ease. Miss Maud McIntyre as Annabel sang fairly well, her intonation at times being very precarious. One fault—a grave one—in comic opera was very apparent among the principals, that of imperfect enunciation. This was so aggravating as to put one completely out of humor for a time. What can be so annoying as to hear fine voices singing what might be, for all the sense conveyed, a series of pretty solfeggi or vocalizes? It looks like wild conceit and ignorance (which probably it is) for these people to get up and sing part of a story, and not take us into their confidence to the extent of a single word. The sheriff, Robin Hood, Allan-a-Dale and Will Scarlet were the only performers who did not sin in this respect.

•

Clara Wisdom's Dame Durden was a success, being very grotesque. Miss Jennie Dickerson as Allan-a-Dale was very good and sang very well, though not up to her usual standard of care and excellence. The title *role* was sung by Mr. John Peachey, who has a very agreeable voice, and is a good actor. He is hardly a lyric tenor as the singer of this part should be, but he gave a very satisfactory rendering. Will Scarlet, as rendered by Mr. Frank Pearson, was extremely satisfactory. This gentleman has a fine baritone voice and was the most satisfactory singer on the stage. Friar Tuck (Mr. A. E. Nichols) and Guy of Gisborne (Mr. E. D. Palfrey) were chiefly conspicuous by a decided Yankee accent that grated on one's ear every time a cruel fate gave them something to say. The sheriff found an able exponent at the hands of Mr. Hallyn Mostyn, who was belligerent and crafty by turns but always funny.

•

The following paragraph appeared in a recent number of the New York *Musical Courier*, in its Toronto letter, signed Edmond L. Roberts:

"The Toronto Vocal Society, Mr. E. W. Schuch, conductor, are doing things big—on paper. There is, apparently, no limit to their ambition. Part songs, oratorios, orchestral concerts, opera and encouragement (by offering prizes) to native composers constitute a pretty big programme. I am inclined to think that those who live to see its fulfillment will be mighty old men. But I certainly wish them all possible success."

As Mr. Roberts opens his letter by telling the world that the "people were howling" because he had not written anything lately, it is probably the ravening of these wolves that had distorted his imagination when he wrote this paragraph. I am in a position to state that the committee of the Toronto Vocal Society has promised or indicated nothing that it is not able to carry out before the public as effectually as on paper. For one thing, oratorio was never spoken of. As to the others, negotiations are now in progress with an orchestra to visit Toronto on the occasion of the society's second concert, and as soon as dates and terms are concluded the work to be performed by the society in conjunction with the orchestra will be announced. The announcement of a prize for an original composition is only awaiting the consent of the judges to be made, so that some of us will not be so very much graver in the head by the time the propositions of the T. v. S. are fulfilled. Better try some other prophecy, Mr. Roberts.

•

The soloists at Mr. Vogt's Holy City will comprise those of his choir: Miss Hattie Morell, Miss Lilli Kleiser, Mr. R. Lye and Mr. A. L. E. Davies, with the addition of Miss Mary Jardine-Thomson, Miss Laura Hurrock and Mr. H. M. Blight. The orchestra numbers in the miscellaneous part of the programme will include the Coronation March from Le Prophetic; selections from the Peer Gynt suite by Grieg; and a Romanza for orchestra and violoncello by Mr. G. Dinelli. This concert will take place on Dec. 5 at Association Hall. *Apropos* of Mr. Vogt, he explains that he is forming a class in improvisation at the Toronto Conservatory of Music, so that one of our crying needs is being looked after.

•

The music chosen by the Orpheus Society for its performance this season, Rossini's opera, William Tell, has arrived and the society will commence its study on Tuesday evening next under the capable direction of Signor D'Auria. A chorus of two hundred and fifty voices, an orchestra of sixty instruments, and capable soloists form the contemplated attractions for the concert, which will be given in the Mutual street Rink at a uniform price of one dollar per seat. There is no membership fee and no charge will be made for music. This should secure the primary factor necessary for the success of the undertaking a capable chorus, and I have no doubt that the results will justify the expectations of its promoters. The music is brilliant and interesting, one of the world's great successes, and in Signor D'Auria's hands we may confidently expect its worthy interpretation.

METRONOME.

•

The prejudices against instrumental music in some of our dissenting churches are fast disappearing. It would be difficult to point to any prominent church in Toronto which is not equipped with an effective pipe-organ. The influence our churches have exerted in cultivating public taste as regards music is likely to be underestimated, and yet I fancy the possibilities in the direction are not fully realized. I was pleased to notice, some months ago, what might perhaps be regarded as somewhat of an innovation, at All Saints' Episcopal church, where the talented organist, Mr. W. E. Fairclough, F.C.O., had engaged a small but effective orchestra to assist in the service. This is a move in the right direction and one which should be imitated by other choirmasters. Sir Joseph Barnby, in a recent address delivered before an influential gathering in England, expressed a hope and a belief that "all kinds of music" would at no distant day be used in divine service. This idea might scandalize some ultra-pious people who would be inclined to make a distinction between the genuine string and wood-wind effects and their imitations as supplied by the organ, but such prejudices would soon be outgrown as greater ones have been in the past.

•

Sir Joseph has also expressed himself forcibly of late regarding the "neglected wind" and the scarcity of performers in this department of amateur orchestral work as compared with those who study stringed instruments. This state of affairs is not confined to England alone, and mention of it has already been made in SATURDAY NIGHT in terms almost identical with those employed by Sir Joseph in discussing the subject in the Motherland.

•

Sir Joseph makes a strong plea for orchestral music as a means of elevating the musical standing of the nation, and also advances the almost incredible statement that outside London and Manchester a complete orchestra does not exist in the British Isles. The many opportunities Sir Joseph has had of convincing himself on this point, as conductor of festivals in the principal musical centers outside London, should qualify him as somewhat of an authority in dealing with this matter. It is quite evident that Sir Joseph's conception of what is meant by the term orchestra differs materially from that held by our somewhat disgruntled friend, the editor of the London *Musical Times*. At latest accounts this worthy was still floundering somewhere in the vicinity of Gloucester, with a microscope, searching for evidences of an "orchestra," which in a rash moment he declared existed there.

•

A Philharmonic Society has been organized in Galt with Mr. Walter H. Robinson of Toronto, choirmaster of the Church of the Redeemer, as conductor. I understand that the first concert will consist principally of unaccompanied part-songs and choruses drawn largely from the almost inexhaustible treasury of Scottish folk-song, a sphere of music in which Auld Scotia certainly leads the world.

MODERATO.

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Young Man—Oh, yes.

Y. M. C. A. Official—Didn't you get a good deal out Hermaphrodites?

Young Man—Not much. Most of them sayings is chestnuts.

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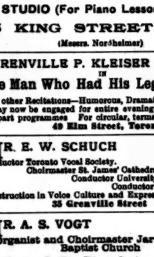

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## Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Two.)

tions were read and prizes given to those placing the greatest number correctly. Songs by Tennyson were sung by Mrs. Wishart, Miss Wright, Miss Francis, Mr. Snow and Dr. Scadding. Miss Francis also gave recitations. Piano solos were given by Mrs. Cameron, Miss Gunther and Prof. Hunt of the Conservatory of Music, who also acted as accompanist.

•

Mr. W. D. Hart left for Brussels last Wednesday, to succeed Mr. Percy Scholfield, who has been manager of the Standard bank there, but was transferred recently to Chatham.

•

Mr. Ernest Thompson's pictures, including the famous *salon* picture Awaited in Vain, will be on exhibition in J. E. Ellis & Co.'s art room, to day and all next week.

•

The Seidl Orchestra concert, for which all music lovers should make their best bows to Messrs. Suckling, who engaged the talented half hundred for an evening last Wednesday, drew together a vast audience of our best people. From front to rear of the grim Pavilion beamed rows of manly shirt fronts and parterres of smiling faces; the people looked well in their pretty gowns and luxurious wraps and the orchestra were almost as much pleased with the audience as the audience were with them. Anton Seidl is a delightful conductor, both in appearance and method, and many a bright eye watched him approvingly. Time was no object to those who feasted on the lovely music, and no one minded an extra half hour when the Pastoral Symphony was to be played. A good many people came by the afternoon trains to attend the concert, and several little impromptu teas were given at various hospitable mansions. I did not see anyone from Government House, but I saw many lovely girls and handsome matrons. Four ladies' schools were there, in pink and blue and white; they looked like beds of roses! I remarked: Mrs. and Miss Francis, the Misses Gunther and Mr. Benjamin, Mr. and Mrs. Harrison, the lady in a soft, rich gown of white and gold; Mr. and Master Harry Bourlier, Mrs. Bourlier, in a very becoming gown, *decolete*, and handsome cloak; Mr. Charles, Mrs. and Miss Hirschfelder, Mrs. and the Misses Mulock, Mr. and Mrs. Hertzberg, the latter's Spanish beauty well set off by a rich, wine-colored velvet gown. Another brunette of real Spanish extraction and very handsome and bright, was Miss Mathilde Chopitea, who wore a charming dress of lace and brown velvet, with old rose sleeves. Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, and Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski were in a group, and the knight nodded in appreciation when any special gem of harmony was heard. Mrs. Cameron of Carlton street and several other handsome women were in the north gallery; Mrs. Alfred Cameron looked lovely in pink and silver; Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and Mr. Merritt were also in the gallery. Mrs. Merritt looked charming in cadet blue with black and silver passementerie and a soft white wrap. Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis, Mrs. Charles O'Reilly, Mr. Strathy, Drs. Lehman and Thistle, Mr. A. Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. James Pringle, Signor and Madame D'Auria, Mr. Dinelli, Mr. and Mrs. Schuch, Miss Jardine-Thomson (in a very becoming primrose gown), Miss Gaylord, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. and Miss Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Hebden, Mr. and Mrs. J. Read, Mr. and Mrs. Plummer, Mr. W. Atkinson, Miss Maynard, Miss Aikens, Miss Brown, Mr. George Holmstead, Miss Snively, Mr. Ewart, Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, Revs. Charles Gordon, Street Macklem and Septimus Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Torrington, Mr. Geo. Fairclough of Brantford, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert L. Clarke of New York, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bayley, Mr. and Mrs. Munroe Greer, Mr. E. Phillips, Mr. J. Macdonald, Mr. George and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mr. Frank H. and Miss Victoria Mason, Mr. Lightbourne, Mr. Gillespie, Mr. Tripp, Mr. Houston, Rev. Arthur Baldwin, Mrs. Ireland, Mr. E. and Mrs. Wm. Wedd, Miss Nicholson, Miss Birdie and Miss T. Mason, Miss Cameron, Dr. Burnham, Messrs. Buchan, Mr. Hope and Mr. Rush of Paris. Several very handsome gowns were displayed, but most of the ladies wore their wraps snugly about them, for the Pavilion is somewhat draughty. One cloak of silver-gray brocade, with yoke of soft material, shot with silver, and high collar of ostrich tips, was just lovely. Another beauty of white plush was set off with a pretty white boa. A ruby-colored one, edged with sable, was very handsome.

•

Miss Amanda Fabris, who is a handsome blonde, wore a dress of white brocade, with a bodice of lustrous white satin and modish large sleeves.

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A number of nice people were at Government House on Wednesday: Mrs. Justice Osler, Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mrs. Hume Brown, Miss Macbeth Milligan, Mrs. Alfred and Miss Clark, Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. Janes, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. G. Kirkpatrick and many others. Mrs. Kirkpatrick wore a handsome gown of light green brocaded satin; Mrs. Dobell, a dark gown, with crimson velvet sleeves.

•

The characters for the various tableaux of the Marriage Drama are being taken by different society people and everything points to a most artistic and successful representation.

•

Society is on the *qui vive* for the St. Andrews' ball, for which great preparations are on foot. Some elegant gowns are to be worn and the knights of the thistle will doubtless bravely hold their own.

•

Cards are out for the silver wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald of Charles street. The anniversary occurs on December 5.

### Girls' Duds.

Small Son—I don't want to wear these things, Mother—Why, those are suspenders.
Small Son—I know. I spose you'll be puttin' me in dresses next.

### One Way of Encouraging the Bashful.

She (firmly)—We must part forever.
He (in alarm)—Why?
She—I have discovered that I love you.


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OF TORONTO
56th ANNIVERSARY ASSEMBLY
AT THE
PAVILION
November 30, 1892
AT 9 P.M.

His Excellency the Governor-General and Lady Stanley and His Honor the Lieut.-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have expressed their intention to be present.

COMMITTEE:

Dr. James Thorburn, president; Hon. Sir D. L. Macpherson, K.C.M.G., Hon. Sir Oliver Mowat, K.C.M.G., Hon. G. W. Allan, Hon. Wm. Proudfoot, Hon. G. W. Ross, J. W. Langmuir, Esq., John Drynan, Esq., G. R. R. Cockburn, Esq., M.P., Allan Cassels, Esq., A. M. Cosby, Esq., John Caldwell, Esq., D. R. Wilkie, Esq., George Mortrich, Esq., W. D. McIntosh, Esq., Alex. Nairn, Esq., George Dickson, Esq., T. McGaw, Esq., Robert Jaffray, Esq., James Alexander, Esq., S. F. McKinnon, Esq., and many others.

Cards to be had on application to the Committee or
GEORGE KENNEDY, Secretary.

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Fur lined of Manicure goods. Zan O'Lin Nail Bleach, 25c. Pink Nail Sand, 20c., 40c. and 50c., for polishing. Rose-Nell Nail and Lip Tint, 25c. and 45c. Buffers, Scissors, Files, Cuticle Knives, &c. The best I can secure in the market. Madame Ida Lee's Cleopatra Cream, 75c. a pot, a perfect skin food, balm and compound for neck, arms and bust developing. Tourjour Jeune—always young—sample bottle, 20c.; larger sizes, 40c., 75c. and $1. These can all be sent by mail. Incorporated Toilet Articles made from the purest and best of oils (dry 16). I have been selling them three years, and I know what I advertise. Dr. Fray's goods have been used thirty years in the toilet, and are among the best. I keep none other than first-class goods, and which have been thoroughly tried.
3 King Street East, Toronto


### A Skilful Physician.

Dr. Fulser—Yes, sir, I have literally snatched men from the grave!
Stoket—Is that so; when?
Dr. Fulser—When I was a medical student, sir!

### Candid Criticism.

"What do you think of Carlyle's French Revolution?"
"It was worse than France's French Revolution."

### A Good Reason.

Stranger—Why do you put the choir so high up in the gallery?
Deacon—Because the bass has such a deep voice that if he was below nobody could hear him unless they sat in the cellar.

### An Obstacle.

Mrs. Upton Flatt—Bridget, have you lighted the drawing-room fire yet?
Bridget (from the kitchen)—No, Mum; I'm waitin' for yez to git up and fowld up the bid so I can git t'rough.

### A Woman's Retort.

Mrs. Brady (proudly)—Me Mary Ann has a planny.
Mrs. McNally (to rival)—Och! Yez needn't t'ink yez can droive me frim the neighbyhood wid her outlandish n'ises.

### A Mitigating Circumstance.

Mrs. Talker—It must be very hard to have your husband in the postal service.
Mrs. Walker—It is, indeed; but when I give him a letter, it gets mailed.

### A Quick Verdict.

"What made the jury render a verdict so quickly?"
"Well, you see, one of the jurors began to tell us about the bright sayings of his five-year-old boy."


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### EXECUTOR'S NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Notice is hereby given pursuant to the Revised Statutes of Ontario, 1887, Chapter 110, Section 36, that all creditors and others having claims against the estate of Sarah Brown, late of the City of Toronto in the County of York, widow, deceased, who died on or about the 30th day of July, A.D. 1892, at the said City of Toronto, are hereby required to send by post prepaid or otherwise deliver to John Muna, of 260 Delaware Avenue, Toronto, executor of the last will and testament of the said Sarah Brown, on or before the 17TH DAY OF JANUARY, 1892, their Christian and Surnames, addresses and descriptions with full particulars of their claims and statements of their accounts and nature of securities (if any) held by them.

And notice is further given that after the said 17th day of January, 1892, the said executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said deceased amongst the persons entitled thereto, having regard only to the claims of which he then has notice, and that the said executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person of whose claim notice shall not have been received at the time of such distribution.

D. L. SINCLAIR, 46 King St. West, Toronto, Solicitor for Executor.

Dated at Toronto this 18th day of November, A.D., 1892.


A NILE, HOLY LAND, ROUND THE WORLD EXCURSION leaves Oct. 25, round the world; Nov. 22, Jan. 3, Feb. 4 for Nile and Palestine. Send for "Tourist Gazette." Ocean tickets. H. GAZE & SONS, 113 Broadway, N. Y.

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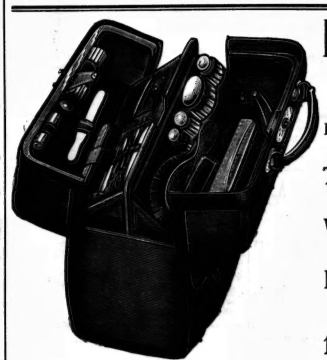

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### Out of Town.

ST. CATHARINES.

St. Catharines is pleased to welcome as a resident, Mrs. Dr. Hamilton Merritt, who will prove quite an acquisition to society. She received on Monday, October 31, to the following Saturday. The bride looked very charming in crimson crepe trimmed with jet, and was assisted by the Misses Merritt and Miss Merritt of Toronto, Miss F. Ingersoll, the Misses Mack and Miss Atkinson.

Miss Cassie Merritt gave a *musicale* on Friday evening, November 4, in honor of Miss Merritt of Toronto. Among those present were: Judge and Mrs. Senkler, Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Merritt, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Mrs. F. S. Greenwood, Mrs. Price, Mrs. W. D. Woodruff, Dr. and Mrs. Merritt, Miss F. Ingersoll, Miss Smith of St. John, N. B., the Misses Mack, Miss Annie Benson, Miss Eccles, Messrs. Kingsmill, Ramage, Williams, Clark, Chatterton and others.

The ladies have formed two euchre clubs for this winter, known as the Senior and Junior. The Senior Club have an evening once a week and the Junior every two weeks. The first of the series of the Junior was given by Miss Emily Bate on Wednesday evening, November 9. Euchre was played from nine until eleven, and after the delicious refreshments dancing was indulged in until the early hours of the morning. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. W. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. A. Woodruff, Dr. and Mrs. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Forest, Mr. and Mrs. H. Ingersoll, the Misses Larkin, the Misses Mack, Miss Helen Merritt, Miss Wood of Kansas, Miss Smith of St. John, N. B., Miss Jessie Fenton, Miss Annie Nay, Miss B. McLaren, Miss King, Miss Woodruff, Miss B. Clark, and Messrs. Ramage, Collier, Crombie, Bixby, Price, Lampman, Jemmett, Clark, Boyle, Chatterton, Stevenson of Niagara Falls, Merritt, Macdonald and others. Among the dresses which deserve special mention were: Mrs. W. Woodruff, white embroidered *chiffon*; Miss Wood, pale blue gauze; Miss Mack, rose silk and white lace; Miss C. Mack, cream bengaline and lace; Miss Helen Merritt, white silk and lace; Miss B. Clark, yellow silk; Miss Larkin, gray and old rose; Miss McLaren, white silk and lace; Miss J. Fenton, white *crepe*. Miss Bate did the duties of hostess in her usual charming manner.

Mrs. F. Greenwood gave a very enjoyable At Home on Friday, November 11. The refreshments were daintily served and very delicious. Those present were: Mrs. Senkler, Mrs. Mack, Mrs. T. L. Helliwell, Mrs. H. M. Helliwell, Mrs. W. T. Benson, Mrs. F. O. Cross, Mrs. H. McLaren, Mrs. Price, Mrs. G. M. Neelon, Mrs. W. W. Greenwood, Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. H. Carlisle, Mrs. J. O. Miller, Mrs. H. Taylor, Mrs. (Dr.) Merritt, Mrs. J. P. Merritt, Miss Arnold, Miss Smith, Miss Ingersoll, Miss Carlisle, Miss Wood, Miss Eccles, the Misses Mack, the Misses Larkin and the Misses Merritt.

Mrs. T. R. Merritt gave a small *musicale* last Wednesday afternoon in honor of Miss Emily Merritt of St. George street, Toronto.

CHAT.

### The Wardrobe of a Well Dressed Man.

A well dressed man does not require so much an extensive as a varied wardrobe. He needs a different costume for every season and every occasion, but if what he has chosen be simple rather than striking he may wear the same clothes as often as he likes as long as they are fresh and appropriate to the season and the object. There are four kinds of coats which he must have. A morning coat, a frock coat, a dress coat and an overcoat. He may have as many of each of these as he may think fit or his pocket book may permit. The present style of overcoat for fall and winter wear is worn very much longer than what has been worn for the past few seasons, made single or double-breasted, the latter having the preference; the style of goods, beavers, meltons and fine kerseys, of which I have a large assortment. Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House Block.

### An Unpleasant Discovery.

Young Lady—Have you examined my piano?
Tuner—Yes, madam.
Young Lady—What's the reason it won't make a sound?
Tuner—Someone has lowered the soft pedal and nailed it down.

### The Catch of the Season.

Belle—I don't know what you see in Mr. Colin Wood to marry him for. He hasn't a gleam of sense.
Maude—No, but his father keeps a coal yard.


MARTIN McMILLAN
GROCER
431 YONGE STREET
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New Raisins, New Currants, New Peels
AND NEW TABLE RAISINS
And would also draw the attention of those who like a good article in Coffee to the fact that I always keep the finest grades of
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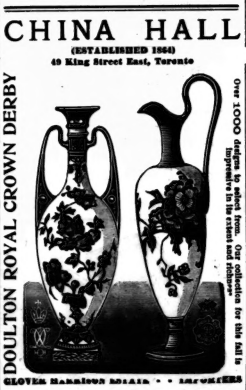
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### The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ARDAGH—On Friday, Nov. 16, at 10 College street, the wife of Arthur Ardagh—a daughter.
COATES—Nov. 14, Mrs D H. Coates—a daughter.
FAIRBAIRN—Nov 15, Mrs. Fairbairn—a son (still-born).
LUMSDEN—Nov 16, Mrs H. Lumsden—twin sons.
BALDWIN—Nov. —, Mrs R. W. Y. Baldwin—a son.
COX—Nov 18 Mrs. W. H. Cox—a daughter.
HAZLETON—Nov. 12, Mrs. J. Hazleton—a daughter.
RADCLIFFE—Nov. 18, Mrs. R. S Radcliffe—a son.
WINGATE—Nov 10, Mrs Charles Wingate—a daughter.
CARVETH—Nov. 12, Mrs. George Carveth—a daughter.
FOWLDS—Nov. 17, Mrs. H. W. Fowlds—a daughter.
JEMMETT—Nov. 20, Mrs. F. G. Jemmett—a son.
MOWAT—Nov. 19, Mrs. A. McGill Mowat—a son.

Marriages.

McEACHRAN—BUCKLAND—On Thursday, Nov. 17, 1892, at Chalmers Church, Cookstown, Simcoe county, by Rev. Dr Hoyt, Dr. A. McEachran, of McIntosh, Minnesota, to Amy Beresford, only daughter of Geo. W. Buckland, of Toronto, and grand-daughter of the late Professor Buckland, of Toronto University.
HORNER—ORR—On Nov 24 1892, at All Saints' Church, Toronto, by Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, Franklin Horner to Susan Louisa Orr, both of Mimico.
HELLIWELL—HIME—Nov. 16, Alfred A. Helliwell to Maud Hime.
GLASS—STONE—Nov., Charles Glass to Adelaide Stone.
STARR—DRYDEN—Nov. 17, Clarence Starr, M. D., to Annie Louise Dryden.
BLAKE—MURPHY—Nov., P. J. Blake to Annie Murphy.
AYLES—SHIBLEY—Nov. 16, Peter Ayles, M. D., to Alice M Shibley.
ANDERSON—EVARTS—Nov. 16, Andrew Anderson to Agnes Evarts.
HYDE-PEARSON—GRIFFITH—Oct. 13, Brooke Hyde-Pearson to Kate Griffith.
JOHNSTON—VAN NOSTRAND—Nov. 15, William Johnston to Eloise Van Nostrand.
KIEVILL—ROBERTSON—Nov. 16, James W. Kievill to Margaret Robertson.
PORTER—SPOONER—Nov. 15, W. H. Porter to Mona Marie Spooner.
LITTLE—FISHER—Nov. 16, R. H. Little to Malda Fisher.

Deaths.

MARTIN—Nov. 18, Mrs. Arthur Mar in.
FAULKNER—Nov., Elizabeth Faulkner, aged 76.
McINTYRE—Nov. 18, James McIntyre, aged 67.
EATON—Nov. 17, Robert Eaton, aged 76.
FRENCH—Nov. 9, Charlotte French.
HEALY—Nov. 17, Longworth Healy, aged 11.
MILBOURN—Oct. 26, William Milbourn.
CRAWFORD—Nov. 13, Alex Crawford, aged 54.
CROSS—Nov. 18, Michael Cross, aged 32
SHELTON—Nov. 15, E. M Shelton, aged 46
McCALLUM—Nov. 19, Maria McCallum.
THOMPSON—Nov. 19, Gordon Thompson aged 7.
PATERSON—Nov. 19, Hannah Paterson.
WORTS—Nov. 19, Nellie Maud Worts, aged 11.
BUCKLING—Nov. 21, Harold Ernest Buckling, aged 4.
BUCHNER—Nov. 21, Roland S. Buchner, aged 5.
MILLS—Nov. 21, William Mills, aged 74.
FOWLDS—Nov. 21, Aldis E. Campbell Fowlds.
CROZIER—Nov. 21, St. George B' Crozier, Mus. Doc.
FLETT—Nov. 22, Gladys Tait Flett.
JADIS—Nov. 1, Edmund W. Jadis, aged 52.
BRIGGS—Nov. 20, Hannah K Briggs, aged 90.
McNIELL—Nov 20, James McNiell, aged 62.

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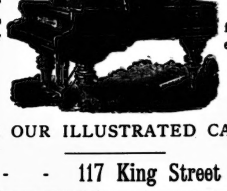
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